

GET YOUR "ANSWERS" TO-DAY.

**1/2d.**

# Daily Mirror

**FOUNTAIN PENS**

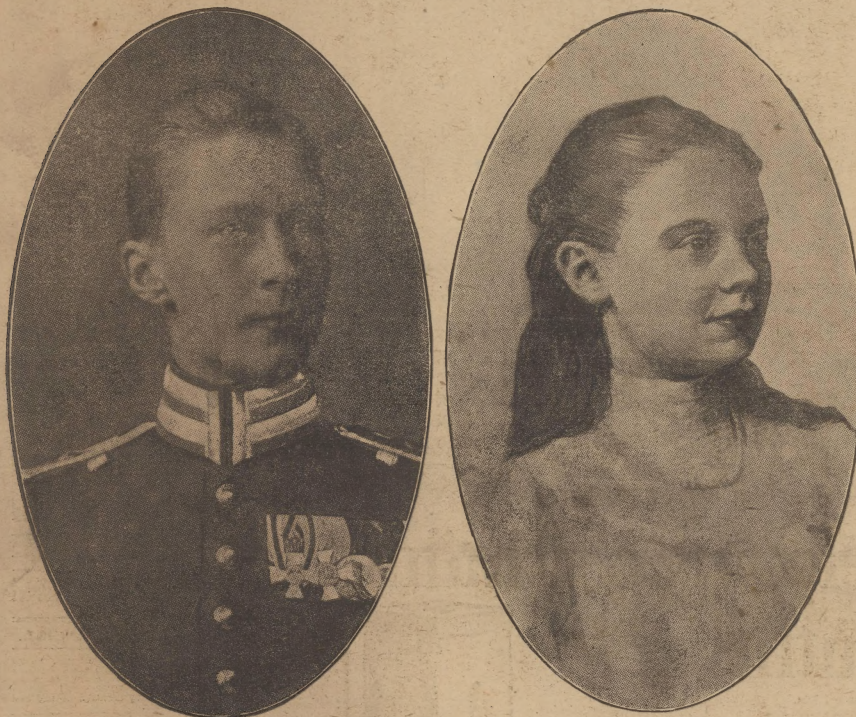
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No. 263.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

**BETROTHAL OF THE KAISER'S HEIR.**

The German Crown Prince and the Duchess Cecile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose engagement has just been announced. The Crown Prince, who will also assume the title of King of Prussia on succeeding to the throne of the Hohenzollerns, was twenty-two last May. The Duchess Cecile is a charming girl of eighteen, and a sister of the Grand Duke Frederick Francis IV. of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

**CATS IN CLOVER.**

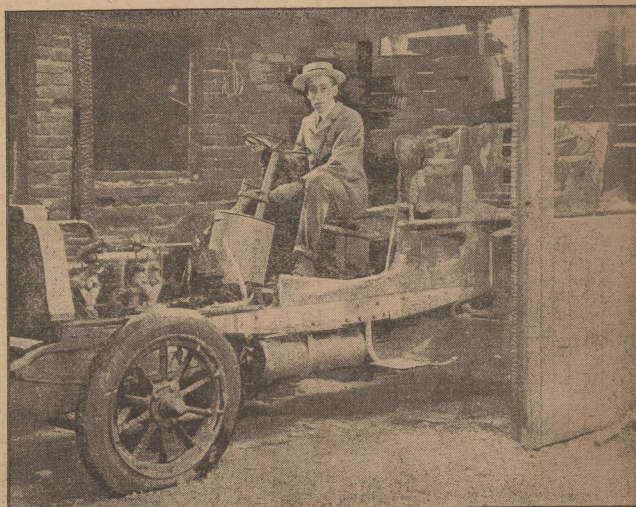
Fulmer Lotho, orange-eyed, red tabby, English Queen, one of Lady Decies's champion cats.—(Drawn for the "Mirror" by Louis Wain.)—Continued on page 9.

**"THE CHEVALEER."**

Mr. Arthur Bouchier as a showman in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Chevalier," at the Garrick.

**LONDON'S DERELICT STREET.**

It is situated just opposite the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn-road. Some of the inhabitants hang their washing out to dry across the pavement. Pots and pans and pools of stagnant water are its chief features. (See page 4.)

**THE WINDSOR FIRE.**

This motor-car is said to have been worth over one thousand pounds, it being fitted with the very latest machinery. Here you see all that remained of the car after the great fire at the Windsor Electric Light Works.



## BIRTHS.

**BUTLER**—On September 5, at 4, Stanford-avenue, Har-  
rocks, the wife of Harry Butler of a son.  
**DURHAM**—On September 5, at High Easter, St. Faith's  
road, W. Norwood, the wife of George Arthur Durham, of a  
daughter.  
**HUME-ROBERTY**—On September 2, at The Pines, Tivoli,  
Chesham, the wife of J. H. Hume-Roberty, of a  
daughter.  
**JACQUET**—On September 3, at "Neuchâtel," Staithrop-  
road, Streatham, S.W., the wife of Charles P. Jacquet, of a  
son.  
**WALTER**—On the 2nd inst., at 29, Bloane-court, S.W., the  
wife of John Walter, of a son (stillborn).

## MARRIAGES.

**CLIFT-TAPP**—On September 3, at the parish church of  
St. Pancras, William Henry Clift, eldest son of  
William Clift, of 56, Frederick-street, W.C., to Florence  
Mary, third daughter of J. C. Tapp, of 20, Wharton-  
street, Lloyd-square, W.C.  
**GARRITT-BARTON**—On September 3, at St. Luke's,  
Hargrave, Guy L. Garrett, youngest son of Major Newton  
J. Garrett, Royal Artillery, to Dorothy Barton, youngest  
daughter of the late Rev. T. H. Barton, Vicar of Friday-  
town, Yorkshire. At home September 22, 23, and 24,  
at 7, Staudley-road, Hargrave.  
**GARRISH-JUDGE**—On the 3rd inst., at St. Giles's  
Church, Chesham, by the Rev. C. W. Fisher, Harold  
John Garrish, eldest son of J. T. Garrish, of Grove-lane,  
Dunmack-hill, to Ethel Maad, daughter of E. W. W.  
Judge, of Chesham.  
**TAYLOR-ROSE**—On the 3rd inst., at St. John's Church,  
Kew, by the Rev. Wilfrid P. Taylor, assisted by the  
Rev. P. L. Phelps, William J. Taylor, C.A., Glasgow,  
youngest son of the late J. Taylor, LL.D. Glasgow, to  
Edith Constance, daughter of Alfred F. Rose, Brightlands,  
Gipsy-lane, Putney, S.W. At home, 38, Falkland-mau-  
sons, Glasgow, Wednesday during November. No cards.

## DEATHS.

**BURTON**—On the 2nd inst., at Southon, Annie Margaret,  
widow of the late Rev. Richard Burton, of Alverstoke,  
and daughter of the late W. H. Allchin, surgeon, of East  
Malling, Kent, aged 70.  
**DAWES**—On September 3, almost suddenly, Richard Dawes,  
of Edmonstone, Catterick, Ealing, and 9, Angel-court,  
Throgmorton-street, aged 66.  
**LEVEN**—On September 3, Margaret, wife of Charles Leven,  
56, Aberdear-gardens, West Hampstead.  
**MOORE**—On September 3, 1904, at 21, Lansdowne-crescent,  
Leamington, William Moore, formerly of Northwanna  
Hall, Halifax, Yorks, and Knightstone House, Leamington,  
in his 88th year.

## PERSONAL.

**URIAH**—Neither wife nor call. Both are risky. I will  
send when the sky clears.—**MIRIAM**.  
**BRIGHTON**—The heroine of the piece is working like a  
steam engine, but necessity for great exertion will be over  
in a day or two. Kindest regards.—**B**.  
**METROPOLITAN POLICE**—Found, in public carriages  
(cabs, omnibuses, and tram-cars), and deposited within the  
last three months, a number of the following articles:  
Bags, books, clocks, coats, jewellery, purses, opera and  
field glasses, shawls, umbrellas, walking-sticks, etc.—Appli-  
cation to be made personally between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.,  
or by letter to the Lost Property Office, New Scotland  
Yard.  
\* \* \* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to  
5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight  
pence words for 14, and 2d. per word afterwards. They  
can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal  
order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight  
words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertis-  
ment Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., London.

## THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

**CRITERION** Lessee, Sir Chas. Wyndham.  
THEATRE Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon.  
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MAT, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.  
**WINNIE BROOKS** WIDOW, by Malcolm Watson.  
MISS ADA REEVE.  
Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Henry V. Hart, Mr. Robt. Harwood,  
Mr. Parren, Mr. W. L. Russell, Miss Dolores Drummond,  
Miss Doris Barton, Mrs. Charles Maltby. Box Office 10-10.  
**IMPERIAL** MR. LEWIS WALLER.  
TODAY and EVERY EVENING at 8.30.  
FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT Sept. 10, at 2.30.  
MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER.  
Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel.: 3193 Gerrard.

**SHAFTESBURY** EVERY EVENING at 8.15.  
Mr. Henry W. Savage American Co. in  
THE PRINCE OF FILLEN.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.  
Box Office 10 to 10.

**ST. JAMES'S**—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER  
will appear TONIGHT and EVERY EVENING,  
8.30 precisely, in a Romance adapted from the story of  
Hansie Miss Portman by Sydney Grundy, entitled  
THE GARDEN OF LIES.  
FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, and EVERY WED-  
NESDAY and SATURDAY following, at 2.30.

**MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES.**  
KENNINGTON THEATRE, Tel. 1006 Hop.  
NIGHTLY at 7.45. MAT. THURS. 2.30.  
The Darning Musical Play, THREE LITTLE MAIDS. Entire  
production from the Prince of Wales Theatre.  
**ORONET THEATRE**—Tel. 1,273 Kens.  
TO-NIGHT, at 8. MATINEE SATURDAY, 2.30.  
Miss LENA ASHVELL  
and full West-end Company in  
MANUCRIPT.

Adapted from MM. G. A. De Caillavet, Robert de Fiers,  
and Jeoffroy play "La Montaigne."  
By Michael Morton.

**CAMDEN THEATRE**, Tel. 328 K.C.  
NIGHTLY at 8. MAT. SAT. 2.30. THE FLOOD  
TIDE. Drury Lane Production.  
**CROWN THEATRE**, Peckham, Tel. 412 Hop.  
NIGHTLY at 8.45. MAT. WED. 2.15. The Great  
Drama, WOMAN AND WINE.

**THE OXFORD** HACKENSCHMIDT.  
R. G. KNOWLES, Joe Elvin and Co. Martinetti and  
Greco, KELLY and GILFILLAN, WILKIE BARD, Will  
Frans, F. E. DUNVILLE, Trahe, The Loyalists, and  
other stars. Open 7.25. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.  
Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

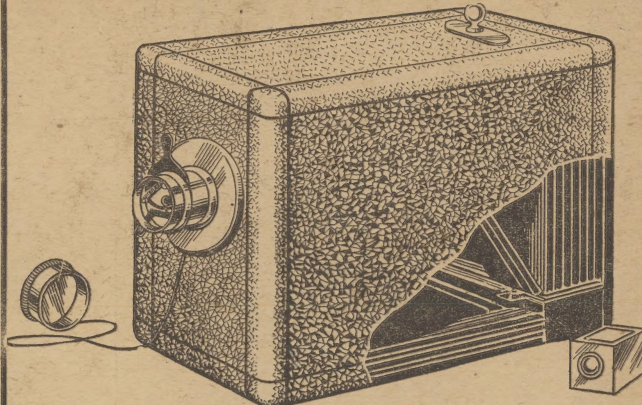
## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

**CRYSTAL PALACE** TO-DAY.  
CAFE CHANTANT at 3.0 and 7.0.  
INTERNATIONAL SPORTS AND FOODS EXHIBITION.  
Military Bands. East End War Picture.  
Maxim's Flying Machine. Topsy-Turvy Railway.  
BROCK'S FIREWORKS EVERY THURSDAY  
and SATURDAY at 8.30.  
Table d'Hôte Luncheon and Dinner in the New Dining-  
Room overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co.,  
Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

**CRYSTAL PALACE** NEXT THURSDAY at 3.  
WORLD'S CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS.  
Under patronage of H.M. the King, Queen Alexandra,  
and T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Queen's  
Hall, 6d. Numbered Seats (including admission to Palace), 6s. and  
2s. 6d.; unnumbered, 5s. and 2s. 6d.; unnumbered, 1s.  
Thousands can see without extra charge.

**PROMENADE CONCERTS** QUEEN'S HALL.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.  
Queen's Hall Orchestra.  
Conductor, Mr. Henry J. Wood.  
Tickets, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s., 8s., 9s., 10s., 11s., 12s., 13s., 14s., 15s., 16s., 17s., 18s., 19s., 20s., 21s., 22s., 23s., 24s., 25s., 26s., 27s., 28s., 29s., 30s., 31s., 32s., 33s., 34s., 35s., 36s., 37s., 38s., 39s., 40s., 41s., 42s., 43s., 44s., 45s., 46s., 47s., 48s., 49s., 50s., 51s., 52s., 53s., 54s., 55s., 56s., 57s., 58s., 59s., 60s., 61s., 62s., 63s., 64s., 65s., 66s., 67s., 68s., 69s., 70s., 71s., 72s., 73s., 74s., 75s., 76s., 77s., 78s., 79s., 80s., 81s., 82s., 83s., 84s., 85s., 86s., 87s., 88s., 89s., 90s., 91s., 92s., 93s., 94s., 95s., 96s., 97s., 98s., 99s., 100s.

## THIS IS A PICTURE OF IT.



Of what? Don't you know! Why, of the Beautiful "Daily Mirror"  
Camera now being offered as an advertisement at the absurd price of  
Three Shillings and Ninepence. You should get one at once.

## MAKES PERFECT PHOTOGRAPHS.

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BUY ONE.  
BUY ONE.  
BUY ONE.

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## AN IDEAL HOLIDAY COMPANION.

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## COMPLETE

## Developing &amp; Printing Outfit



## ALL FOR

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## CONTAINING—

- 1 Box Six Dry Plates.
- 1 Packet-Printing Paper.
- 1 Packet of Mounts.
- 1 Dark-room Lamp.
- 1 Bottle Developing Solution.
- 1 Bottle Toning Solution.
- 1 Packet Fixing Salts.
- 1 Book Instructions.

Cut out this Coupon and post to the  
CAMERA DEPARTMENT, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

Enclosed find p.o. for.....  
for which please send me, post free, the "Daily Mirror" Camera (3s. 11d., post free), and  
the Complete Printing and Developing Outfit (3s. 1d. post free).

Name.....  
Address.....

See these CAMERAS and OUTFITS at the "Daily Mirror" Offices, 2, Carmelite  
Street, E.C., 45, New Bond Street, W., or the "Daily Mirror" Stall, Western  
Arcade, Earl's Court Exhibition.

## HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

## Auctions.

**THE OAKELEY PARK BUILDING ESTATE.**  
Near Bishop's Cleeve, Hereford. The FIRST SALE of PLOTS on this new and important  
estate taken place  
TO-MORROW (September 7th, 1904), when  
MR. J. BROOKE STEWART will SELL some  
very valuable sites on the main Colchester road; free  
deed, payment by instalment. Sale train leave Liverpool-  
street 12 noon. Plans and tickets at attend of J. W.  
Kinn, Esq., (Harford), 65, Harford-st., E.C. 4, or at the  
Station Platform barrier before the train  
departs.

Building rapidly proceeding.  
Cheapest and best second-hand in Essex.  
Every plot sold on the First and Second Sections.

**MOUNT PLEASANT ESTATE**, five minutes from station,  
close to harbour and pier; capital views of the sea and  
surrounding country; very close to distance of Seaford.

**MESSRS. PROTHEROE AND MORRIS** will  
OFFER 150 PLOTS of FREEHOLD BUILDING  
LAND, in MARQUESS on the Estate, on FRIDAY, September  
9th, at 2 p.m. Roads free. No title, land tax, or law costs.  
Possession on parcels of 10 per cent. deposit. Extra terms  
if desired. Plan, etc. (and with return railway ticket, 5s.),  
of the Vendor, Mr. F. G. Hodgson, 6 and 7, King William-  
street, E.C.

**WHITSTABLE-ON-SEA**—Bay View Estate, situate on the  
main road from Whitstable to Faversham and Ham-  
bury, adjoining the Jolly Sailor Inn and commanding  
extensive views over Whitstable Bay to the Isle of Sheppey.

**MESSRS. PROTHEROE AND MORRIS** will  
SELL BY AUCTION, in a MARQUESS, on FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER  
MONDAY, Sept. 12th, at 2.30, 35 choice FREEHOLD  
BUILDING PLOTS, including 10 valuable orchard plots  
planted with fruit trees of good growth. No road, no  
roads. Title, land tax, law costs, and deeds all free. Easy  
terms. Plan, etc. (and with return railway ticket, 5s.),  
train, 4s. each), of the vendor, Mr. F. G. Hodgson, 6 and 7,  
King William-street, E.C. Luncheon free.

## Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

**CATFORD**, Dulwich, and Norwood.—Freehold or Leasehold  
Houses to let or sell; rents from £26 to £60; finished or  
improved principles. Wait, Sangley Estate Offices (facing  
Town Hall, Catford). Telephone, 27, Dulwich.

Every working man can, if he wishes, buy a house to  
live in, instead of paying rent; £200,000 available for  
immediate advance. The price is £100,000. Apply, im-  
mediately, to W. W. Benham, 72, Bishopsgate-st.  
Without, E.C.

**LEYTONSTONE**—Immediate possession. Superior modern  
house; drawing, dining, 5 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, b.  
and c., etc.; garden back and front; close station; rent £23.  
or will sell for £270; long lease—166, New Elm-street,  
Leytonstone.

**SANDOWN I.W.**—Six-roomed, comfortably furnished house,  
21s.; also enjoyable bungalow residence, vacant 17th;  
terms on application.—E. C. Burcham.

## Land, Houses, Etc., for Sale.

An opportunity for those who can close at once.—Money  
wanted, consequent on a family bereavement.—Nine  
capital, thoroughly well-built houses in best of repair,  
situate in a parish road in a most rising and popular dis-  
trict, close to town. The price to be paid straight for 66s. a  
house, £835 the 9 houses; lease 91 years, at a very moderate  
ground rent; any building, super, or practical man will at  
once purchase on viewing; the houses command selected  
tenants of the artisan class, as close to very numerous fac-  
tories, railway stations, river, centre of town, and electric  
trams.—Please call personally on the property, eleven to six,  
at 17, Hildist, Grosvenor, Charing Cross, Victoria, or Fen-  
church-st. Station.

**BUNGALOWS** for week-ends and summer holidays, with  
acre of land; freehold, £125; free deeds; instalments.  
—Hornsea (Ss.), 27, Essex-st., Strand, W.C.

**FREHOLDS**—Ten Villages; close station; fitted every  
convenience; let first-class tenants; producing £130  
yearly after paying outgoings; price £3,500; £2,225 can  
remain at 4 pc.—2, David-road, Leytonstone.

## PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

**A. A. "New Money Makes Money."** Post free to all  
mentioning this paper. Will clearly show anybody  
with £1 capital upwards how large profits may be made.  
£10 can make from £8 to £10 per week! Not so  
bad, is it? Capital returnable at any moment.—Ridley and  
Skinner, 11, Portney, London, E.C.

**CASH**—£5 to £500 on note of hand alone; distance no  
object; immediate attention.—Apply personally, or write  
Cassidy & Co., King-st., London, E.C.

**FIVE POUNDS** to £500 ADVANCED on shortest notice,  
on approved note of hand, on your own security; repay-  
ments to suit borrower's convenience; strictly private; no  
fee or charges unless business completely successful; full  
particulars to the actual lender, James Winter, No. 250,  
Stamford-st., Forest Gate, E. London.

**"HOW TO MAKE MONEY"** (post free)—Everyone with  
a few pounds spare capital should write for above  
pamphlet, showing how £10 may be invested and return  
£2 10s. weekly profit; large or smaller amounts; propo-  
sition so hazardous risk or speculation; no previous ex-  
perience necessary; capital entirely under your control—  
Howard, Marshall, and Co., 105, Leadenhall-st., London.

**IOANS**—£10 upwards; householders, tradesmen, etc.;  
repay by post.—Bridge, Broadway, Woking.

**MONEY**—If you require an advance promptly completed  
at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established  
Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-st., Ipswich.

**MONEY TO INVEST PRIVATELY**—A gentleman is pre-  
pared to lend to responsible persons requiring tem-  
porary assistance from note of hand alone, without the  
ordinary moneylender's routine.—Apply 1.551, Daily  
Mirror, 2, Carmelite-st.

**£5** to £1,000 Advanced to householders and others on  
approved note of hand; no surities required; propo-  
sition so hazardous risk or speculation; no previous ex-  
perience necessary; capital entirely under your control—  
actual lender, J. Vincent, 14, Illington-green, Hillingdon,  
London.

## HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

**BRIGHTON**—Johannesburg Boarding Establishment,  
Grand Parade; moderate charges; thoroughly comfort-  
able and homelike.

**GREAT YARMOUTH**—Garibaldi Hotel for gentlemen;  
moderate terms; liberal table.—Fowell, Proprietor.

**MARGATE**—Cliftonville—Very comfortable boarding-  
house; sea view; tennis; excellent cuisine; terms  
moderate.—14, Dalrysq., Stamp.

**RAMSGATE**—Canterbury's Popular Board-residence; 16s. 6d.  
inclusive; musical;—Vale House, Westcliff.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE**, Ramsgate.—Founded 94  
years.—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen,  
Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached  
the 1st V.B.E. (The Buffs). The Boarding school for  
boys under 13; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on appli-  
cation to the Headmaster.

**MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S** Operatic Classes, Lon-  
don. Conversation of Music, French, German, Italian,  
and Camden Lodge, Littlehampton; prospectus illustrating  
remarkable success.—Secretary, 52, Queen's-road, Margate.

**SINGING**, Piano, Miss Worms, 10, Leamons, 1, Torrione-  
avenue, Camden-road. Voice Instruction.

Other Small Advertisements appear on page 16.



## RACE FOR SAFETY.

Russians' Great Effort to Reach Mukden.

### EXCITING SITUATION.

Kuropatkin's Fate Depends on the Issue.

## PORT ARTHUR HOLDS OUT.

General Kuropatkin's army and General Kuroki's forces are engaged in a race to Mukden.

It is still an open question whether the Russians can escape General Kuroki's enveloping movement.

Four days' severe fighting at Port Arthur resulted in heavy losses on both sides. The Japanese expect two months' more fighting.

The great question of the Manchurian campaign—the fate of Kuropatkin's army—is still undecided. Reuter's correspondent at St. Petersburg, telegraphing last night, says it is officially stated that the united Russian forces are now north of Yentai, with the exception of a detachment which has been left at that place to cover the retreat.

Simultaneously, however, the same correspondent says that the Japanese are swarming across the Taitse, near Pensi-ho, the original starting point of the retreating movement. The bulk of the Japanese forces are marching direct on Mukden. A later message says that a telegram from General Kuropatkin, dispatched yesterday evening, appears to indicate that his army and that of General Kuroki, are racing each other for Mukden and the result is still in doubt.

### DEPENDS ON KUROKI.

The position is therefore a most exciting one. Everything depends upon whether General Kuroki will be able to move with sufficient speed to strike the railway in front of the retreating Russians, and stop their further progress north.

If General Kuroki thus succeeds in getting astride the railway, General Kuropatkin will have to fight his way through. His forces are probably numerically superior to the 100,000 men which General Kuroki is supposed to have under his command, but he will have to gain a rapid and decisive victory or Oyama's army will be upon him. Another element which may develop into something sensational is the reported appearance of a Russian relief force under General Linievitch at a point near Mukden. If this is true, General Kuroki may find himself in a position of extreme peril, open to simultaneous attacks from General Kuropatkin in front and from General Linievitch's troops in the rear.

Meanwhile General Oyama is hurrying the other Japanese armies forward to strengthen General Kuroki's encircling movement, while General Oku in the south is dealing with the remnant of the Liao-ying defenders, who are trying to rejoin General Kuropatkin's main body.

### STACKELBERG CRUSHED.

The report that General Stackelberg, with 25,000 men, had been cut off and completely wiped out in the west of Liao-ying is repeated from St. Petersburg yesterday. It is true that General Kuropatkin announced that General Stackelberg's forces had joined the main body at Yentai on Saturday, but in a later message that night General Kuropatkin reported that General Stackelberg had been cut off and crushed, and it was this check that decided the Generalissimo to evacuate Liao-ying.

That the evacuation must have been suddenly decided upon is apparent from the report that the Russians were obliged to abandon 200 guns at Liao-ying.

### 30,000 RUSSIANS LOST.

General Kuropatkin has telegraphed to the Tsar that the enemy's losses in the fighting near Liao-ying number 30,000 men, and he has asked for another 200,000 men. The Tsar has decided to immediately mobilise 100,000 men for the front.

Severe fighting has been in progress at Port Arthur since August 27, in which the Japanese are said to have lost 8,000 and the Russians 3,000 men in four days. The garrison is now believed to comprise only 12,000 men, but they are making such a brilliant and stubborn defence that the Japanese do not expect to reduce the fortress under two months.

### YANKEE RULER IN KOREA.

An agreement has been signed by the Governments of Japan and Korea under which the financial and diplomatic advisers to the Korean Government will be Mr. Magata, Director of the Revenue Bureau in Tokio, and Mr. Stevens, Counsellor of the Japanese Legation in Washington.

This, says a dispatch, will practically make Mr. Stevens Viceroy, as his office carries with it powers similar to Lord Cromer's in Egypt.

## SHELLING PORT ARTHUR.

Japs Secure Another Position After Bloody Work.

Reuter's correspondent at Chifu sends news of an important Japanese success at Port Arthur.

The Japanese have again attacked the forts, taking, after a bloody bayonet fight, a position near the railway, not more than a mile from the harbour.

From this point of vantage the Japanese began a terrible bombardment of the town, the shells also damaging the ships in the inner harbour, one being disabled.

Reuter's Chinese messenger was put to work carrying Russian dead and wounded upon entering Port Arthur. He escaped on Thursday, and boarded a junk, which was promptly overhauled by Japanese destroyers.

Seven copies of the "Novy Krai" being found concealed on the messenger's person, he was taken to Daluy in chains, and was beaten and suspended by his pigtail with the object of his being compelled to admit that he was a spy. He was finally recognised by the Chinese official interpreter, who secured his release.

### PRINCE AND SENTRY.

Faithful Soldier Prepares to Shoot King's Son.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BELGRADE, Monday.

A strange incident is reported from Belgrade.

The other evening, when the Crown Prince of Serbia left the royal salon on his way to his own rooms, he passed by the guard, and, for a joke, tried to take the gun out of the sentry's hands.

The sentry told him sharply to let the gun alone and amuse himself elsewhere. The prince was irritated, and commanded the sentry to give up his gun, but the man refused, saying that his orders were to die rather than relinquish his weapon.

The prince asked him if he knew to whom he was speaking. The sentry replied that if the King himself had given him the order he would not obey. The prince then tried to take the gun by force, but the sentry, repulsing him, put his weapon to his shoulder and cocked it.

This was enough for the King. He retired, and told his father; but the King only sent for the soldier and rewarded him.

### BECK'S TRIUMPH.

Received in Audience by the Prime Minister of Norway.

Mr. Adolf Beck, who has arrived at Christiania, has been the object of something like a triumphal reception.

Everywhere sympathy has been shown him. He was received in audience by the Prime Minister, Dr. Hagerup, who greeted him most kindly. Dr. Hagerup said King Oscar had written the Norwegian Minister in London expressing his deepest sympathy, and requesting his Excellency to use every effort to secure adequate compensation.

The Prime Minister expressed absolute confidence that the British nation would not do things by halves.

"Had an Englishman been wrongfully arrested or convicted and sentenced in our country," he said, "we would have been compelled to make due reparation, as our laws provide for compensation in such cases."

### ONE OF THE "PIRATES" REACHED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.

The Ministry for Foreign Affairs has received information that the instructions of the Russian Government have been successfully communicated to the Russian "volunteer" cruiser, Petersburg, in South African waters.

It is pointed out that these instructions were to be conveyed to the Petersburg as well as the Smolensk, of which there is at present no news.—Reuter.

The owners of the steamer Kirkwall, of Cardiff, which is lying at Vigo watched by a Russian cruiser, deny she has anything contraband on board.

### A WELL-MERITED HONOUR.

PARIS, Monday.

Sir Thomas Barclay has been appointed an officer of the Legion of Honour. The "Figaro" says that never was a distinction more merited.—Reuter.

Sir Thomas, who was knighted a few months ago, had a great share in bringing about the entente cordiale with France.

A big fire broke out last night in Curtain-road, Shore-ditch, several buildings being attacked by the flames.

## WOMAN HANGED AS SPY.

How a Japanese Girl Died for Her Country.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MOSCOW, Thursday.

Captain Perentseff, who has just arrived here, invalided from Manchuria, has given to an interviewer the following, among several other tragic stories:—

"It was during our rapid and unfortunate retreat from Telissu. Two of our Cossacks, pushing forward a dwarf, marched up to Riabinin with the words, 'Your Honour, this is a Japanese.'

"An ugly, little, clean-shaven mannikin, dressed in Chinese garments, stood before us. He had been caught by the soldiers among the coolies, writing on slips of yellow paper, and our men, who suspect everyone, naturally suspected him.

"As we had no time for formalities, he was tried on the spot. There were no papers of value upon him, but those he had proved unmistakably that he was a spy. He was sentenced to be hanged.

"All the time the little fellow, with a contemptuous look upon his ugly yellow face, kept chattering in good Russian, 'I don't deny it. Do what you like!' 'At any rate, they can meet death,' commented R.

"At four o'clock he was strung up, and, when the poor wretch's body fell from the cart, a little silver chain jerked from underneath his tunic and glistened a moment in the sun.

"An hour later we were sitting together, pouring vodka into our tea-pannikins, when in rushed a girl, who, with a look of amazement, exclaimed, 'It's a woman! We were taking this... And he put in my hand the silver chain with a pendant locket, containing the portrait of an unmistakable European in Russian officer's uniform.

"I looked at the Cossack in amazement, thinking he was drunk. 'The Jap's a woman,' he repeated. 'Go and see for yourself, your Honour.'

"'Good God, what a race of people!' said R. A terrible silence fell upon us all."

### ARSENIC MYSTERY.

Another Child's Body To Be Exhumed at St. Helens.

Steps are being taken for the exhumation of another child's body at St. Helens as a result of the police investigations into the circumstances of the death of Sarah Ann Jones. Yesterday Joseph and Ellen Burndred were remanded at the police court on the charge of wilfully murdering this girl by administering poison.

The evidence showed that the girl Jones was boarded out by the Burndreds in August, 1901, by the Guardians of Whiston Workhouse. Four days later her life was insured by the prisoners, and again also in February of this year. The girl died on August 7, and subsequently her body was disinterred.

A Liverpool analyst stated that an autopsy disclosed the presence of sufficient arsenic to cause death.

The prisoners have had a family of thirteen children, twelve of whom died in infancy. It has now been determined to exhumate the body of Joseph Burndred, aged three months, who died on September 7, 1900.

### "AND HE WAS LEFT LAMENTING."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.

A tragic scene took place between the communes of Bray and Riguy on Saturday.

The pretty young daughter of a farmer, named Simon, eloped with her lover. The father followed in pursuit. He came up with the couple, and a terrible fight took place between him and the lover.

The daughter escaped from the carriage, and while the fight was going on ran towards the Saone. The father, divining her intention, followed, but was too late. His daughter had flung herself in the river.

### ROBBERS ATTACK A CARAVAN.

TANGIER, Monday.

A specie caravan from Fez has been attacked by robbers at Akbal-Hamra, about twenty-five miles from Tangier.

The muleteers succeeded in escaping to a place of safety with about 30,000 dollars, leaving only one mule and 6,000 dollars in the hands of the robbers.—Reuter.

### SHOT BY A COMRADE.

The tragedy which occurred at the military barracks, Sheerness, last week was inquired into by the coroner yesterday.

Gunner Heaume, when about to be arrested by a military escort for a petty theft of fish, shot Bombardier Chew with a sporting gun, and afterwards turned the weapon on himself.

The jury decided that Chew died from a gunshot wound inflicted by Heaume, and that the latter committed suicide while temporarily insane.

## SEVENTEEN YEARS ASLEEP.

Female Rip Van Winkle's Strange Story.

### RESTORED TO HEALTH.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.

The "Matin" publishes some wonderful details about a woman who has slept for seventeen years, and has only been awakened by an alarm of fire.

These particulars are given by Dr. Paul Faraz, an eminent medical psychologist, who has studied the case.

Gésine M—, who lives in a little German village, is the victim of this strange experience. Born in 1800, she enjoyed good health until in 1877 she fell from a cart and hurt her head.

Bad pains followed, and she sometimes lost consciousness. Then a semi-continuous sleep supervened and lasted for three months. After sleeps lasting days, weeks, and months, on November 22, 1886, she commenced a slumber which lasted seventeen years, until the alarm of fire finally roused her.

How was she fed? Quite naturally. When she was hungry she made queer sounds in her throat and gaped, and food cut up into small pieces was given her.

### DEAF AND NEARLY BLIND.

Gésine's senses during her sleep were diminished in some cases and maintained or increased in others. She was deaf. She was nearly blind, but turned her head away from light.

The sense of touch was absent, but taste was intact. If food was given to her that she did not like she clenched her teeth.

The sense of smell was quite abnormal in strength. A doctor of the family, who had elsewhere dressed a wound with yew, provided a sort of protection from her when he approached her bed, and she always showed that she recognised a stranger by her nose.

When she came back to life her condition of mind was curious. She called for a sister who seventeen years ago had shared her bed. She viewed her father's aged appearance with stupefaction. She wanted to know why her brother did not wear his uniform (this brother was in military service in 1886).

She asked for her mother, but her mother had died during the seventeen years. On hearing this the newly-awakened woman wept bitterly.

Her senses became regular again. She could stand up, but she had to learn how to walk. She did not sleep well, owing to a fear that she would not awaken.

Gay, bright, and healthy, she has gone straight back to woman's work of various kinds.

### UNWELCOME LOVER.

Austrian Count Pursues American Heiress Across Two Continents.

The strange love affair of an Austrian count had an abrupt and unpleasant ending in Montreux, Switzerland, yesterday.

For nearly a year past this man had pursued an American heiress with unwelcome attentions. The young lady, who is a famous beauty in St. Louis, met the alleged Count at a ball in Chicago last October.

She was then engaged to a young American, but, although he was informed of this, the Austrian persisted in making love to her.

To avoid a scandal she was taken by her aunt to Europe. But the lover followed her and sent her imploring letters in London.

He dogged her to Paris, and eventually sent her a threatening letter to her hotel in Montreux.

This led to his downfall. The young lady appealed to an American gentleman staying at the hotel, who called on the supposed count, and threatened him that if he did not leave in six hours the matter would be placed in the hands of the police.

After some bluster this strangely persistent lover gave way, and left hurriedly for Zurich.

### KING LEOPOLD AT DOVER.

The Alberta, with the King of the Belgians on board, steamed into Dover harbour yesterday, and came alongside the Prince of Wales pier.

His Majesty was seen standing on the upper deck dressed in a light suit and yachting cap, and scanning closely with a pair of glasses the new harbour works, in which he seemed greatly interested.

His Majesty afterwards landed.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Gusty southerly winds, cloudy and unsettled, rain at times; normal temperature.

Lighting-up time: 7:33 p.m.

Sea passages will be rough in the west, moderate or rather rough in the south and east.



## AMOROUS PRINCE.

Forgotten Flames of the Kaiser's Son.

### HIS CHOSEN BRIDE.

The Kaiser's announcement of the engagement of his eldest son to the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has caused the liveliest satisfaction in Germany.

The people are glad to hear that the fickle heir to the throne, who has so often been fascinated by ladies who were not of royal blood, is settled at last, and the fact that he is engaged to a German Princess makes the news additionally welcome.

Congratulations from all the royalties of Europe, most of whom are related to the happy couple, have been arriving hourly.

Ever since the Prince came of age, in May, 1900, rumour has chosen many brides for him, two of our English Princesses, Princess Margaret of Connaught and Princess Ena of Battenberg, being among those mentioned, and there were good grounds for believing a match had been arranged with one of the Cumberland Princesses.

Apart from rumoured royal alliances, the German Crown Prince, who is an amorous young man, has had many "affairs."

### Fascinated by Actresses.

Last year he boldly announced his intention of giving up his titles and honours and marrying the beautiful Miss Geraldine Farrar, who was acting at the Royal Opera House in Berlin. But the lady behaved with praiseworthy propriety, and would not accept the Prince's advances, so the matter fell to the ground.

Miss Gladys Deacon, an American beauty and heiress, fascinated the Crown Prince when he came to England in 1901 and paid a round of visits here.

He first met Miss Deacon at Blenheim, while staying with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and later on in Scotland at Dunrobin, where they were the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

The friendship is said to have ripened so fast that the Prince proposed before he returned to Germany, and at every stage of his homeward journey sent off postcards to the lady.

Miss Eleanor Dreisel, whom the Prince met while a student at Bonn, did not know of his high rank, and returned his affection. But when his identity was disclosed to her, she promptly gave him up, in spite of his vows and protestations.

### Singers and Dancers.

Miss Isadore Duncan, a dancer, and Miss Edyth Walther and Miss Bessie Abbot, both opera singers, have, in turn, fascinated this susceptible young man, who now, at the age of twenty-two, is going to settle down.

The Prince is a personable, young fellow, who excels in all outdoor sports, and is, besides, a fine horseman and a keen soldier.

The Princess who is to be his bride is a typical German young lady, of middle height, fair-haired, and pretty. She is only eighteen years old, but is very accomplished, and speaks several languages perfectly.

Duchess Cecilie is the younger sister of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who recently married Princess Alexandra of Cumberland. Her name was recently mentioned as that of a probable bride for the Hereditary Grand Duke Michael of Russia.

Portraits of the royal pair are reproduced upon page 1.

### MOTOR RACE ON SANDS.

Automobile Track by the Shore of Dublin Bay.

For the first time in the United Kingdom, automobile races will take place to-day on the sea shore.

The spot chosen is a beautiful stretch of sand on the shores of Dublin Bay, between Portmarnock and Malahide, known to the citizens as "The Velvet Strand."

At low tide there is a stretch of firm, dry sand, five to six miles in length, and a quarter of a mile wide. On this novel track, which is as level as a billiard table, several racing cars were yesterday trying their capabilities in preparation for the Irish Automobile Club's races, which commence to-day.

### HISTORY OF A CRIME.

In response to numerous requests, Mr. George R. Sims's articles on the Beck scandal, appearing originally in the "Daily Mail," have been reprinted in the form of a pamphlet.

This little book, "Two King's Pardons—The Martyrdom of Adolf Beck," is published at 3d., and contains, in addition to Mr. Sims's articles, verbatim reports of the various trials which constitute this judicial scandal.

It may be obtained at all bookstalls and news-agents.

## DISAPPOINTED SWIMMER.

Cross-Channel Attempt Postponed Until This Afternoon.

Rough weather again caused the Channel swim to be postponed yesterday.

During Sunday night a stiff breeze sprang up which had grown to half a gale yesterday morning. It blew up a nasty sea, and as it came from the south would have been right in the swimmer's face.

With wind and waves against him the feat would have been impossible.

Weidman was keenly disappointed at the manner in which the weather is baffling his plans. "I had hoped," he said last night, "to have been able to start to-day."

"But the sea is now pretty calm, and the wind has dropped. Prospects seem as favourable as they can be, and I hope to start for that *Mirror* trophy to-morrow."

If the weather permits the present arrangements to be carried out Weidman will start from the Lydden Spout about four o'clock this afternoon.

## DERELICT LONDON STREET.

Filthy Thoroughfare Uncontrolled by Any Municipal Council.

On the west side of Gray's Inn-road is a small, dirty, mean street over which no vestry or borough council exercises the slightest control.

Prospect-terrace is its name. At one end is a spiked barrier which is thrown across the thoroughfare one day a year to show that it is private property.

The owner of this street is said to be a well-known rector of a London parish.

Prospect-terrace is indescribably filthy. Upon one side are a row of dirty houses, inhabited to a great extent by men and women of the lowest class; upon the other side is a blank wall. A scheme to pull these wretched hovels down and build in their place a modern dwelling building is said to have been opposed by the clergyman owning the roadway.

When a *Mirror* representative visited Prospect-terrace yesterday, washed clothes hung across the street and along the railings in front of the houses. Deep hollows in the road were choked with filthy refuse, dirty bins and broken household utensils were scattered here and there, while tiny children with ragged nondescript garments and pallid faces played listlessly in the thick, foul mud.

Such is London's derelict street, of which we publish a picture upon the front page.

## RUINED BY FOREIGNERS.

Imported Goods Cause Unprecedented Distress in the Cloth Trade.

The terrible depression in the cloth trade has created unprecedented distress in Stroud, the centre of the trade in the West of England, and the surrounding districts.

Never in the history of the neighbourhood have rate collectors had so much trouble in getting money. At present eight parishes of union are in arrears with poor rate, and overseers have been notified to appear at the next meeting of guardians to explain matters.

Mills have for some time past been closing in all directions, and bills are posted up in all districts advertising mills and machinery for sale. Foreign competition is said to be the cause of the trade depression.

## P. AND O. MAY LEAVE MARSEILLES.

According to the Paris "Temps," Sir Thomas Sutherland has declared that if the Marseilles strikes are persisted in he will regretfully transfer the Peninsular and Oriental service from Marseilles to Genoa.—Exchange.

The P. and O. steamer Arabia, from Bombay, arrived yesterday morning, with 220 passengers on board. She will sail for London without discharging her cargo for Marseilles.—Reuter.

## MUNICIPAL DOCTORS.

Zurich is making a curious experiment of medical communism.

Each inhabitant is to pay a tax of 3s. 7½d. annually. The total, about £20,000, will be divided among forty doctors chosen by the municipality, who will, for their annual salary of £500, attend the sick of Zurich during twelve months.

## ROBBING HIS SWEETHEART.

A private in the Garrison Artillery, named Arthur Henry Hutchinson, pleaded guilty at Marlborough-street to stealing £3 belonging to his sweetheart, a chambermaid at the Carlton Hotel. The girl pleaded for the prisoner to be let off.

Mr. Kennedy: A man who acts so meanly deserves punishment. Three months' hard labour.

## ROYAL TRAVELLERS.

Why the Queen Hastened to Leave London.

Yesterday afternoon the King left King's Cross for Doncaster, where, during the race meeting, he will be entertained by Lord and Lady Savile at their picturesque home, Rufford Abbey.

His Majesty, who was heartily cheered by the crowd assembled to witness his departure, wore a soft brown hat and brown tweed suit.

A gay little crowd of notabilities left by the royal train, which steamed out just before two o'clock.

This is the fourth time Lord and Lady Savile will have had the honour of entertaining his Majesty, and the party at Rufford Abbey is likely to be of the merriest. Among the guests are the Portuguese Ambassador, Earl and Countess Cadogan, Viscount and Viscountess Churchill, and Lord and Lady Farguhar.

### A Lift for the King.

The arrangements at Doncaster racecourse for the royal visit are of an elaborate nature. When he arrives his Majesty will step into an electric lift, and by it taken into the royal box.

Close of the meeting the King proceeds to Scotland.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, left Charing Cross yesterday afternoon on the first stage of her journey to Copenhagen.

Her Majesty arrived at Port Victoria at two o'clock, and was received with full honours. She immediately boarded the royal yacht.

Her departure from London was something of a surprise to the officials, as it was understood her Majesty would not leave until to-day.

But it is believed that both the King and Queen expedited their departures from London on account of Buckingham Palace being in the hands of the workmen.

## KING AND HIS HEROES.

His Majesty Frequently Visits a Little-Known Hospital.

The King found time between his arrival from Marienbad and his departure to Rufford Abbey to pay a visit to the King Edward the Seventh Hospital for Officers, at No. 9, Grosvenor-gardens.

Grosvenor-gardens is an address which is the last that one would associate with a hospital. It contains the Spanish Embassy, the embassies of Japan and the Netherlands, as well as a large number of private residences whose owners have the most distinguished names.

But this is not a hospital in any ordinary sense of the word; it is really the hospital accommodation to Osborne House. Here officers come who have to undergo operations, and from here they proceed to spend their convalescence at Osborne.

The King takes a great interest in it, and is constantly calling there. He goes generally in the morning, more often than not on foot. He pays a brief, bright visit, and with a kindly word cheers the lot of its wounded heroes.

## CHRISTIAN CHARITY?

Victorious "Wee Kerkers" Stop Professors' Salaries.

The twenty-eight ministers, who, by the recent decision of the House of Lords, obtained control of the vast funds of the Free Church of Scotland, have taken drastic action.

Yesterday they stopped the half-yearly salaries of professors of divinity in Free Church colleges.

Upwards of sixty professors were affected—amongst them being sixteen with average salaries of £600 a year.

The colleges concerned, three in number, are situated in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen, and are attended by over 600 students.

The announcement of this drastic measure has created consternation throughout the length and breadth of Scotland. The people are asking, What will they do next?

It is stated that further striking developments are to follow, and little hope of an amicable settlement prevails. The eleven hundred defeated ministers are utterly dismayed.

## REGATTA FOR CHILDREN.

A novel and pretty sight will be seen on the canoe lake at Ryde, Isle of Wight, on Thursday next, when a children's regatta will be held.

There will be all sorts of races for the little ones, and no doubt many craft will be upset, but if the day be warm no danger need be apprehended, as the lake is only 2½ ft. deep.

## RUN FROM LONDON TO DOVER.

The feat of running against time from London Bridge to Dover is to be undertaken on Saturday next by Mr. Henry Baker, a Dover resident.

Baker, who is fifty-one years old, was one of the eight competitors who were left in at the finish of the six days' race at the Westminster Aquarium a few years ago.

## WAR DECLARED.

Invader's Force Descending on the Essex Coast.

### SHIPPED IN SIX HOURS.

At midnight last night war was declared. The "Blue" army, under General French, was on the sea, preparing to land on the Essex coast, while the "Red" army, under General Lyttelton, was in camp close by Colchester awaiting the coming of the foe.

Early yesterday morning thousands of people saw General French's army of 12,000 men, with horses, guns, and all the paraphernalia necessary for war, embark at Southampton.

Reveille sounded at Southampton Common just as the sun began to rise. The camp was struck, and, led by bands playing stirring marches, the whole army marched down to the docks.

Ten transports were in readiness for them, and not a hitch occurred. The great force was embarked in the most orderly manner imaginable.

The troops, with the baggage and artillery, the train covering two miles of roads, were all shipped in six hours.

The embarkation was carried on simultaneously, each transport moving off when her troops were aboard to Spithead.

### WITH THE DEFENDERS.

The streets of Colchester echoed yesterday with the clatter of horse and hoof and the rumble of transport wagons, which passed through the town in a steady stream bound for Abbey Fields and Middlewick camps.

Several hundred omnibus horses arrived from London by train and lent an air of gaiety to the camp. As soon as they reached Middlewick and smelt fresh clover and green fields the famous London steeds became as frolicsome as young colts, and the soldiers had great difficulty in holding them in.

The infantry in camp practised rifle shooting at long range the whole day. The men are baking their own bread in field ovens. Colonel Stanley refused an offer from the Colchester Bakery of 25,000 loaves, and ordered six hundred sacks of flour.

He said that it was better for the Tommies to make their own bread, as they would do if they were on active service in the field.

### Ready for French.

General Lyttelton, the commander, with his staff, arrived at the headquarters camp, Abbey Fields, yesterday, as did the Duke of Connaught, with the umpire's staff.

The continuous traffic of army motor-cars, transport, and ambulance wagons, has cut up the sandy lanes round Colchester.

Although General Sir John French has given out that he will land with the "Blues" near Clacton, the officers of the defending army are rather sceptical, and say that it is more than likely that the General will change his mind at sea, and land some miles away. He delights in raising difficulties and making everyone bustle.

Officers of the "Red" army are quartered at all principal Colchester hotels, and no rooms were to be had in the town.

## LABOURER'S WINDFALL.

Becomes an Heir to a Legacy of Seventy Thousand Pounds.

A labourer named Sheridan, residing at Stewartstown, co. Tyrone, has just received an intimation that he is one of the heirs to a legacy to £70,000.

The widow of a colonel in the American army bequeathed the above amount in trust securities to her nephew, Sheridan's father, whose whereabouts are at present unknown.

It is stated that the notorious Sergeant Sheridan is a relation.

## ELUSIVE DIAMONDS.

The hunt for the seventy-two diamonds supposed to have been thrown into the fields near Buntingford, Cambridgeshire, was continued yesterday, but without success. It is now doubted whether the man who said he threw them away was speaking the truth.

P.C. Taylor, of Chipping, has searched four miles of fields several times already.

## CARTLOAD OF HAY ON FIRE.

There was a scene of great excitement in Whitehall Court shortly after eight last night, when a cartload of hay caught fire.

In a few seconds there was a fierce blaze, and it was only with great difficulty that the horse, maddened by fright, was rescued.

A fire escape and engine were soon on the scene, but the hay was completely destroyed.



**BLACK SATURDAY.****Two Weddings Postponed by Mysteries.****LOST BRIDEGROOM FOUND.**

There is no longer any mystery as to the whereabouts of Mr. George Augustus Stokes, though no explanation is forthcoming at present as to why he went away so suddenly from Fitzroy-square a few days before the date fixed for his wedding.

Yesterday morning his sister suddenly encountered him outside Uxbridge Post Office. He became reticent at once when she asked for some explanation of his conduct, and refused to say anything. It appeared that he had been calling regularly for his letters, which had all been directed to the post office by his instructions.

But while the happiness of Mr. Stokes's fiancée is restored to some extent by the news that he is alive and well, another bride is now mourning for a vanished bridegroom.

Miss Florence Williams, of 8, Chancery-lane, Beckenham, was last week a happy, laughing girl, busy preparing for her marriage, which was to have taken place on Saturday last—singularly enough, the date which had been fixed for the marriage of Mr. Stokes.

**Trousseau Put Away.**

Early in the week a sudden end was put to her happiness. The man to whom she was engaged to be married, Benjamin Charles Ford, of Forest Hill, disappeared, and when his family had satisfied themselves that there was no hope of his return they broke the news to the unhappy lady. Her wedding dress and other articles of the trousseau were packed away, and she joined with the missing man's relations in a heartbreaking search for her lover.

No satisfactory reason for his disappearance has yet been found. He had been engaged to Miss Williams for over two years.

On Sunday week he had dinner as usual at his home, at 90, Malham-road, Forest Hill, and afterwards went out about a quarter to three to buy cigarettes. Since then he has not been seen, and although the police have lent every assistance to trace of him has been found.

**LOST IN SPRING CLEANING.****Accused Solicitor's Wife Throws Away Important Papers.**

Arrested at Cours d'Alsace at Lorraine, Bordeaux, Henry Robert Jones, a Wandsworth solicitor, residing at Rottingdean, near Brighton, was placed in the dock at the South-Western Police Court yesterday charged with defrauding the Wandsworth Guardians of a banker's cheque for £267 8s. 10d.

For representing the guardians in the hearing of certain assessment appeals Jones was paid £2,000 on account, and, later, when the appeals had been finally disposed of, a further sum of £267 8s. 10d.

According to the prosecution it was afterwards found that the briefs relating to the appeals were prepared after the appeals had been dealt with.

Subsequently, an extraordinary letter was received from the prisoner's wife, stating that she had destroyed during her spring cleaning a number of dirty papers, some of which no doubt were those wanted by the guardians.

Jones said the charges rested entirely on the statements of a dismissed clerk, who, he said, had tried to blackmail him and to obtain money from others.

A remand was ordered, bail in two sureties of £250 each and one in £50 being accepted.

Asked whether a man to whom he had sold drink during prohibited hours was a lodger at his house a Brentford publican said, "He's as good as one, for he stays till twelve every night."

**SILVER MOUNTED CIGAR CASES.**

FOUR SILVER CORNERS, HALL-MARKED.  
RETAIL PRICE ... .. 6/6  
OUR PRICE (post paid) ... 4/6

A limited number of these splendid Cigar Cases will be sold at the above absurd price to introduce to you our Smoking Specialties.

SEND AT ONCE, YOUR MONEY COMES BACK IF YOU ARE NOT PERFECTLY SATISFIED.  
THE VALDORA CIGAR CO.,  
20, Seething House, 61, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

**"PHROSO" ARRAIGNED.****How the Man-Doll Stopped London Traffic.**

Advertisement enterprise has brought a firm, whose premises abut on Piccadilly-circus, into conflict with the police.

The trouble has arisen through Messrs. Swan and Edgar displaying "Phroso" in their show-window. The identity of "Phroso" is so far a mystery that the non-committal description of "a man or a figure of a man" was given on the charge-sheet. When "Phroso" made an appearance in the window on August 24, such a large crowd collected that a summons for causing an obstruction was issued against Mr. Walter Morford, the managing director of the firm.

At the hearing at Marlborough-street it was said the traffic was so interfered with that extra police had to be placed on duty. "Phroso," otherwise Frederick Trevalen, went into the witness-box, but declined to say whether he was the doll or not. Mr. Morford was, however, less reticent, for in putting questions for the defence he left fall the remark: "When you were the doll."

Mr. Morford, who proceeded to call a number of witnesses, was remarking that "if they paid heavy rents or taxes they had a right to—" when he was interrupted.

"No matter what rates you pay," observed Mr. Kennedy, "you have no right to cause an obstruction. This is only an advertisement for your business."

Mr. Morford: I hope you will see your way clear to dismiss the summons.

Mr. Kennedy: No. I see my way clear to fine you 40s., and 2s. costs.

**HOOGLIGAN BEANFEASTERS.****Enjoying Themselves "In Their Own Way."**

Three members of a Harrow beanfeast party, named William John Pavey, John Virgin, and Joseph George Page, were fined £3 13s. 4d. each, or two months, at Maidenhead yesterday, for drunkenness and disorderly behaviour, and for assaulting P.C. Humphreys.

The prisoners were twice warned by the police for their behaviour. They answered that they intended enjoying themselves in their own way, and Pavey proceeded to knock the policeman's helmet off, at the same time giving him a blow under the jaw.

The policeman and Pavey fell on the pavement and the two other men tried to rescue their companion.

Civilians, and subsequently other police officers, came to Humphreys's aid, and the men were arrested.

**BLIND TO HER FAULTS.**

Evidence at the inquest at Battersea yesterday on Emily Gladys, who had died from falling down stairs and fracturing her skull, it was stated that the man with whom she had been living gave her 35s. every Saturday, but by Sunday she would have spent half of it in drink. The man said that he would have taken her back, however, if she had recovered.

The coroner said it was hard to appreciate what attractions such a woman could possess, but the man seemed to have an infatuation for her.

**EAST END GIANT IN THE DOCK.**

The tallest man in the East End, James Patrick, who is well known as a doorman at show places, was charged at Worship-street yesterday with being drunk.

Standing well over seven and a half feet in height Patrick overpowered by many inches his captor, P.C. 418H, but his voice, compared with that of the officer, was small and childlike.

He was fined 10s., and as he left the dock he put on a silk hat, which made him even taller.

**FOUND GAGGED IN A POND.**

It was shown at the inquiry yesterday into the death of the young domestic servant, Isabella Twist, who was found gagged in a pond near Blyth, that there was little justification for the suspicion of foul play.

There was an absence of any evidence of violence, such as would have been expected if a second person had wilfully gagged the girl. She had left her purse, too, on her brother's table, as if she did not intend to return.

A verdict of Suicide was returned.

**BLANK SPOT IN HIS MEMORY.**

Mr. Harold Browning, who was murderously assaulted and robbed of nearly £200 in a Brixton shop six weeks ago, is now lying at his house in Beckenham.

His condition has much improved, but he is still quite unable to recall his assailant to mind. His memory of the outrage on July 23 remains a blank.

**"AWFUL BRODRICK CAP."****Sergeant Driven to Suicide by Disfigurement.**

"I am wearing the Brodrick cap, which makes me look awful."

This formed the postscript to a letter written by Sergeant Wilfrid Glasgow, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, before committing suicide by shooting himself with a revolver. His dead body was found in a ditch on Hounslow Heath last Saturday by two women who were gathering blackberries.

The coroner read at the inquest last evening a portion of a letter which Glasgow had addressed to the officer commanding the depot of the R.A.M. Corps at Aldershot. It ran:—

My mind is uninged, and I am doing this to save trouble. I had a fracture of the nose before I went to South Africa, and during the war it was made worse. My face is so disfigured that my friends scarcely know me, and wherever I go everybody looks at me and I can stand it no longer. I am afraid that this extension of twenty-one years will not be granted in consequence.

The coroner read the postscript, with the comment "It is evident that this cap is not popular in the Army."

Sergeant Chapple stated that Glasgow had a slight disfigurement of his nose before he went to South Africa, where he was severely wounded, and where he gained the Distinguished Conduct medal. The jury found that Glasgow shot himself whilst of unsound mind.

**M.P.'s FAITHFUL DOG.****Dying Terrier Warns Its Master of Burglars.**

A touching instance of a dog's intelligence and fidelity has come to light in connection with the recent burglary at the house in Stepney occupied by Major Evans Gordon, M.P.

The animal, an Irish terrier, was a clever watchdog, and the thieves took the precaution of giving it poison. They proceeded to ransack the house, leaving the dog, as they thought, dead. But the terrier, when they had gone, had just sufficient strength left to crawl upstairs and arouse its master by scratching feebly at the door of his bedroom.

Major Gordon thought the dog was in a fit, and was going downstairs to get some medicine when he noticed that all the doors at the back of the house were open.

It did not take long to realise what had happened. When he returned to the bedroom he found his faithful dog lying dead.

No clue has been discovered as to the identity of the thieves.

**CHILD SWALLOWS A HATPIN.**

From the effects of swallowing a hatpin a child named Ellen Helm, aged three, has died in St. George's Hospital. The mother, at the inquest yesterday, stated that one day last May she left the child alone for a short while, and on her return found it choking. She believed it had swallowed a hatpin, but neither the doctor nor the nurse in the out-patients' department at the hospital would entertain the idea.

"I got so sick and tired of the hatpin business that I never told any doctor at the hospital about it," she exclaimed. However, a post-mortem examination by Dr. Freyberger revealed the presence of a pin 4 1/2 in. long. A verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

**MR. PLOWDEN'S POPULARITY.**

Mr. Plowden received a singular tribute to his popularity at Marylebone Police Court yesterday.

Three rough-looking men, named Thompson, Horan, and Burke, were before him charged with travelling from Preston to London without having paid their fares. Sergeant Drew stated that when they learnt, after their arrest, that they would be taken to Marylebone Horan said: "I am very pleased to hear that, because that is where Mr. Plowden sits, and I should like to see him. I would do three months if I could only see Mr. Plowden."

Mr. Plowden blushed, and remanded the prisoners.

**MAN GIRDLED WITH JEWELS.**

After his arrest in a jeweller's shop, where he was offering diamonds for sale, John Doherty was searched, with the result that a belt round his waist was found also to contain jewels.

He was remanded at Londonderry yesterday, charged with having been concerned in stealing the gems from Mrs. A. F. Coake, of Derry.

At an inquest at Westminster a verdict of Found Drowned was returned in the case of an unknown woman, whose body was found against the piles of Vauxhall Bridge. In Lambeth Mortuary the body of a young woman recovered from the Thames near Westminster Bridge, yesterday morning, lies waiting identification.

**HOLIDAY DISASTERS.****Three Lives Lost Off Portsmouth-mouth.****BOY VICTIMS OF THE SEA.**

Reports from various parts of the kingdom yesterday helped to swell to a distressing extent the list of drowning disasters which already during the present year has reached such appalling proportions.

Three lives have been lost off Portsmouth through a small sailing-boat capsizing on the return journey from a fishing expedition. Its occupants, William May and Sydney Balch, dockyard hands, and their two young sons, had been fishing near Hayling Island on Sunday evening. As they were entering Langstone Harbour the boat was caught by the out-running tide and overturned. May was the only one rescued, after he had vainly attempted to swim to shore with one of the boys. The bodies of the three victims were swept out to sea. Balch leaves five small orphan children, his wife having died recently.

**Holiday Bathing.**

Yet another of those bathing accidents inseparable from the holiday season was investigated yesterday. It was shown that Charles Thomas Gibson, a book-keeper employed by Messrs. Salmon and Gluckstein, had, although a strong swimmer, sunk while bathing at Ramor.

While bathing in the harbour at Blythe, Northumberland, yesterday morning Alfred Seabrooke, the son of a local pilot, was seized with cramp and swept away by the heavy seas.

Another disaster on Lough Neagh is reported. A fishing-boat containing four men capsized, and James Coyle, aged thirty, and James Cassidy, aged twenty-nine, were drowned. Their companions were saved by the gallant efforts of two of the Irish Constabulary.

A third case of lives lost through a boat suddenly capsizing has occurred at Crovie, near Banff. While mackerel-fishing yesterday two fishermen, aged seventy and twenty-one, were drowned through the boat being capsized by a sudden squall. Another fisherman, an old man aged about seventy, who was also in the boat, was rescued in an exhausted condition.

**POLICE STOP A PARIS TRIP.****Two Youths' Sleep Disturbed by Detectives.**

"We are going off to Paris to-morrow," said a smartly-dressed youth, named John Dennis, when a detective called on him at Dalmeny-mansions, Theobalds-road, in the small hours of Sunday morning to arrest him on a charge of stealing £2 by means of a worthless cheque from a Miss Constance Beaumont.

The trip had to be postponed, for Dennis was marched off to the police-station, together with his young companion, Graham Stoverly Ackeroed.

At Bow-street yesterday, when the two youths were charged, it was explained that Dennis gave a worthless cheque for £7 10s. to Miss Beaumont and received £2 change.

At the station Ackeroed was found to have in his possession eight filled-in cheques, all drawn on Messrs. Lampton and Co.'s Bank, Newcastle.

There had been a number of complaints respecting the prisoners, who admitted having cashed cheques to the value of between £50 and £60.

A remand was granted to enable the Treasury to take the case up.

**ONLY HIS BODY LEFT.**

Included among nearly fifty passive resisters summoned at Tulsebury Wells yesterday was the Rev. James Mountain, who told the magistrates that they could have his body at once for prison purposes. He had made over all his property and clothes to his wife, so distraint was impossible.

The Bench ordered payment or distraint in every case.

For the Blood is the Life.

**Clarke's Blood Mixture**

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blackheads, Pimples and Sores of all kinds its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world. Sold by Chemists everywhere.







NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—  
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# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1904.

## ROYAL MARRIAGE PROBLEM

**S**O! The scapegrace German Crown Prince is betrothed again, this time for good, with his parents' consent and the applause of the proletariat. His morganatic tendency is nipped in the bud, and we shall hear less of his unprincipled performances.

The future German Empress, Princess Cecile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is said to be nearly eighteen, and to speak several languages fluently. The future German Emperor is described as intelligent, able to speak five languages, and learning a sixth.

So far no word is said of the love of the young couple one for another.

Are they to suffer the penalty of royal birth and be the victims of a marriage of dynastic or political convenience?

The mental and physical tortures of the unhappy Princess Louise of Coburg are now freshly brought to mind by her escape from detention. Many have sorrows, strictly concealed, which are equal to hers, and, like them, the result of a distasteful marriage of arrangement.

It is a singular comment on modern manners to see the complacency with which we acclaim the arbitrary mating of royal personages, and then with our next breath fling hot scorn on some sad society beauty who has, for family sake, espoused the proverbial "beast," or an unloved plutocrat.

We plead in extenuation that royal people are compelled by circumstances, and for the acts of the others there is only a fancied necessity.

The whole business is a relic of the far past, when a King fought his way to the throne, and had grave need to make it hard for post-humous aspirants to do the same. Laws of succession were framed, and alliances likely to lead to the best results carefully entered into, and forced upon heirs.

In consequence we have royal marriage arrangements which do not fit in with the moral prejudices of the bulk of the people. We find the plea of convenience, proclaiming it as manifest and undeniable. The screen is up, we cry, "All's well." But is it?

## GENERAL BOOTH'S TRIUMPH.

To-day at Aberdeen General Booth terminates his long motor-car tour.

It has been an uninterrupted, popular, and tactical triumph for the veteran preacher.

He voices a simple faith, knocked into the mind of the hearer with music of brass instruments and sledge-hammer straight talk.

The magnetism of the man is tremendous. For any preacher, even in these tolerant days, to have carried his evangel through England into Scotland with no voice raised against him is high incredible.

No man since John Wesley has held the minds and hearts of his followers in such strong and subtle sway.

No religious enthusiast has ever so successfully disarmed destructive criticism.

No one man has been invested with so great a religious and philanthropic trust and carried it out with such striking administrative genius.

There is no other instance of a historic unorthodoxy like the Salvation Army of whose works the Church, the State, and their governors have been able with a clear conscience to join in a chorus of praise.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Out of hell a word comes hissing, dark as doom,  
Flare as fire, and feel as plague-polluted gloom;  
Out of hell wherein the sinless damned endure  
More than ever sin conceived of pains incur;  
More than ever ground men's living souls to dust;  
Worse than madness ever dreamed of murderous lust,  
Since the world's warl first went up from lands and seas  
Ears have heard not, tongues have told not things like these.

—Swissburne (on Russian Persecutions).

## "WOE BETIDE JAPAN."



"Suppose the newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Cossacks should decide to take the field?"—"Brooklyn Daily Eagle."

## READERS' LETTER-BOX.

### THE NURSERY v. THE DRAWING-ROOM.

I am quite prepared to admit that there are two sides to every question, and also that it is wrong to take small children away from their play to attend social functions which are dull even to their elders. But if the two sides of the question are either to neglect children altogether or to treat them in this way, then I think there are three sides to this particular one.

The third side is that mothers should give up the social functions and spend the time with their children. They will find that the social loss is more than made up by the pleasure they will gain. Queen's-road, Manchester. MAUD F. WILLAT.

### THE USES OF THE MOTOR-CAR.

Why not make the best of things? The motor-car has arrived, and certainly means to stay. That being so, the next thing is to find the hidden good in what we have so far called its defects.

Even if it does kill a few people, what does that matter? It is serving a useful purpose. It is teaching people to keep their eyes open and to be prepared to jump in any direction on the slightest warning. By the aid of the motor-car, and the consequent struggle for existence, we shall soon cultivate the gait and appearance of kangaroos. And why not? B.S. H. MANSON.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

### PITY THE POOR ANIMALS.

The late lamented Venus did not die as a result of casual feeding by visitors to the Zoo, but I am surprised that many other animals do not.

Cannot something be done to prevent the animals being presented with all sorts of impossible food. The authorities do not seem to take the matter seriously, for nuts and buns are sold deliberately for that purpose.

Buns will not hurt the bears or elephants, nor will nuts, within limits, hurt the digestions of the monkeys; but there are many animals which do not thrive on such a diet.

Perhaps the authorities make so much profit on the sale of these luxuries that they can put up with the occasional death of a rare specimen. Chatham. EVELYN MANNS.

### HOMICIDAL MANIACS.

Can not something be done to ensure that it shall be impossible for anyone who has attempted to wreck a train to do so again?

It is never a pleasant business to know that anyone you hold dear is exposed to the ordinary dangers of railway travelling, but it is far worse when lunatics suffering from this form of homicidal mania—I can call it nothing else—are allowed loose.

No sane man would commit the crime, and a few months' imprisonment is no cure for insanity. What guarantee have we that the attempt will not be repeated?

Surely a man convicted of such an offence against humanity should be confined for the remainder of his life. Hammersmith. JOHN S. BRYANT.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

### MARSHAL OYAMA.

**H**IS is the brain which has directed the Japanese armies to the victory of Liaoyang. He is the man whom Japan trusted, and who has not failed her.

If you were to hear all that a Japanese soldier had to say of him, you would imagine that he was a god. He is not really, but it would take you all your time to convince a private under his command of the fact.

Nor is his popularity confined to his soldiers. Every man in Japan worships him. There is no danger a soldier would not brave for him, and no sacrifice which a civilian would not make. Yet he is a disciplinarian of the strictest order.

Just as he is the best-beloved man in Japan, so he is the ugliest. He is stout, he is unweidly, he is terribly marked by smallpox, and his eyes seem to be at perpetual war. Still he is probably the cleverest man in the Mikado's dominions.

Certainly no Japanese has a stronger leaning towards Western methods. He was educated in France, and was Military Attaché during the Franco-Prussian war. Then he returned to Japan in time to take part in the civil war, but on peace being restored, was sent once more to Europe to study the military systems. Many sweeping reforms followed his reappearance in Japan. The value of these reforms was proved in the war with China.

At one time he was strongly pro-French. Now he is too strongly pro-Japanese to be pro-anything else.

Beyond his patriotism, his most strongly marked peculiarity is his love of cats.

## THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

### Near The Law Courts, 11.30 p.m.

A cold, silver moon and two dim stars still glimmer over their protest at the overwhelming clouds.

Far off, in windless altitudes, the cloud battalions lie at rest across the Heavens, like fields of ice with mountain peaks of snow. Lower, where winds fly fast, they roll and seud in ever-changing form, as billows and breakers of storm-driven foam, now sweeping across the moon's face, just dulling her pale splendour, then clearing away, only to let her shine into their misty, vaporous depths, till they seem but silvery, web-like embroideries of the robes of Night.

Still they spread, blotting out even the moon at last. A faint pale gleam of silver shows where she is striving. Then the silver circle grows fainter. Presently nothing tells of her save a curious, copper-like tinge. Then even that is lost, leaving only the deadness, the unbroken darkness, and the level nothingness.

### TRANSATLANTIC.

"It's bad enough to be poor, without having to work, too."—"Judge" (New York).

"Indeed!" remarked Sherlock Omes to the man who said that he had no use for newspapers. "Then what do you do on a street-car when there is a lady standing up in front of you?"—"Pittsburg Post."

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

**L**ORD CASTLETOWN, who has just made such a fighting speech at the Pan-Celtic Congress and threatened to knock any man into the gutter who dares to jeer at his Celtic blood, is a resident Irish landlord who is not often seen in England. Both he and his wife own estates in Ireland, and spend the greater part of their time on them. Though from the pugnacious nature of his speech you might imagine that he was a small person of insignificant physique, he is really a fine man and a keen sportsman. Some years ago, accompanied by Lady Castletown and some friends, he went on a long big game shooting expedition in the Rockies.

Lady Castletown acted as cook to the party, and roughed it gamely with the rest. On occasions her skill, none of the greatest, was put to the test of making a little food go a long way. She signalled the first bread-baking by using a box of tooth-powder in place of baking-powder. The bread was not a success, but only the owner of the tooth-powder was annoyed. On the whole, the trip was a success, and resulted in a fine collection of skins.

Just at the moment that the Kaiser has announced the betrothal of his son, a new story of him comes over from Germany. He recently went to see a rehearsal of a new ballet. While he was there a dispute arose as to the best way to produce a Slavonic dance. Suddenly an authoritative voice broke in telling exactly how it should be done. Everybody stared in amazement at the Kaiser, who had added stage management to his other accomplishments. "You may stare at me as much as you like," he went on, "but it is as I say. I have seen it danced in Hungary." Think of the same thing happening in London.

### SOCIETY'S LAWYER.

If there is one man more than another of whom Society (with a large capital S) stands in fear, it is Sir George Lewis, who has just been making some strong remarks on the subject of the Beck scandal. If Sir George liked to talk, I believe he could hang one half of society and strangle the other; for whatever happens and whatever disputes arise, he is on one side or the other. But there is no fear of him ever divulging any confidences, for, for one reason, he has kept no diary of his cases, and, for another, he has undertaken never to write his memoirs.

It is many years now since he won his first case, and he was only nineteen at the time. A woman asked him if he would the gentleman come at once and defend her son, who was accused of robbing the till of a public-house? He got into court knowing practically nothing of the case, picked up the details as best he could, cross-questioned the witnesses, and got his man off. It was a veritable triumph. Outside the exultant mother even knocked him jolly on the back with a shawl. "Well done, young 'un!" One would hardly venture on such a salute to-day.

That Miss Lena Ashwell made her bow as an actress-manageress last night is due to the influence of Miss Ellen Terry, for it was that great actress who persuaded Miss Ashwell, then a student at the Royal Academy of Music, to go on the stage. Her first appearance was at the Grand Theatre, Islington, when, as a maid-servant, she had a very short part. Her only remark in the play was, "Did you ring, sir?" Her next part was at the Lyceum, when the greater part of her time was spent as a corpse on a bier.

### TROUBLE FOR SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

If Mr. William Fife and Mr. George Watson both refuse the task of designing a new Shamrock for Sir Thomas Lipton, there will probably be some trouble in getting anyone to undertake the responsibility of building a challenger for the America Cup. Yacht-building seems to be hereditary in the Fife family, for the Mr. Fife in question is the third of the name. The first Fife was the son of a village carpenter, and started his career by building a boat for himself which was immediately bought from him. Then he built himself another, and that shared the same fate. That decided his future profession. His son and grandson both followed in his steps, and have designed boats which have made names in every quarter of the globe.

Mr. George Watson has not the advantage of heredity to help him, for his father was a physician, but the date of his birth was of good omen. He was born in 1851, the year when the schooner America captured the America Cup in the match round the Isle of Wight. The Scotch yacht which Thistle was his first yacht of world-wide fame. His most successful was the Britannia.

Yesterday was the birthday of Miss Esmé Beringer, who has made a name both as an actress and a fencer. The first idea of taking up fencing came as a result of seeing Roméo, and she worked hard at her hobby for five years. Since she appeared in her well-known fencing sketch at the Palace Theatre. Now there is not an actor who can hold a rapier with her.

Stage fever has caught almost every member of the Beringer family. Mrs. Beringer, the mother, is well known as an actress. The eldest of the sisters is known on the stage as Miss May Hulford. Miss Esmé Beringer comes next. Miss Vera Beringer is the youngest, and has already done well. Finally, Jack Beringer gave up Oxford and a scholarship to fence under the name of "Jack Silver" with his sister.



# NEWS TOLD IN PHOTOGRAPHS

MISS NANCY PRICE.



This is the latest portrait of this popular young actress, who is now appearing in "The Chevalier," at the Garrick Theatre.—(Biograph Studio.)

BARNET FAIR.



Barnet is one of the oldest and noisiest fairs in England. Hundreds of horses, driven wildly up and down the fair, are sold by their owners, change hands after much shouting and haggling at prices which seem astonishing. This photograph of a corner of the fair and refreshment tents was taken yesterday.

DOVER BY NIGHT.



Here is a unique photograph of Dover Parade illuminated, taken at midnight.

LOVERS.



On the beach at Weston-super-Mare.

VICAR IN THE HOP-FIELD.



The tent in the Kent hopfields where the Rev. Wilson, an East End vicar, is now conducting his mission amongst the hop-pickers. The smaller tent in the rear is where the vicar sleeps.

READING'S GOALKEEPER.



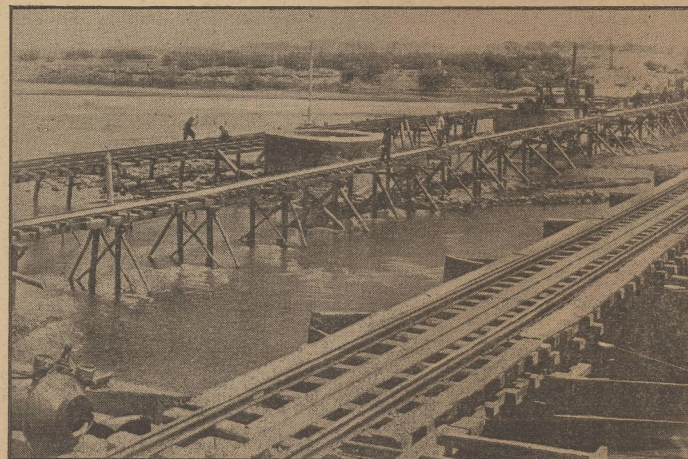
Naisby, Reading's goalkeeper. He is the only professional of the Reading team remaining from last year.—(Cribb, Southsea.)

LAST OF THE WATCH-HOUSES.



This is the last of London's old watch-houses, situated at the rear of Coutts's old premises in the Strand. It was last used by a detective, who kept watch over the removal of the bank treasures.

WHERE KUROKI MET KUROPATKIN.

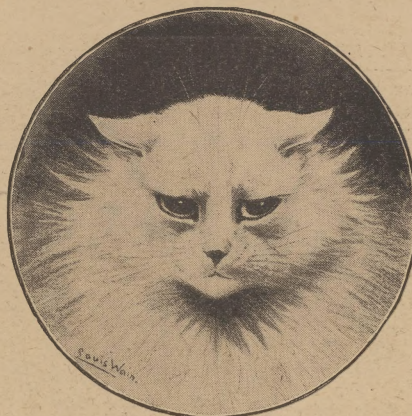


The only bridge across the Taitse River. It was here that General Kuroki crossed the river, the object of cutting off General Kuropatkin's retreat towards Mukden.





# LOUIS WAIN'S PICTURES OF LADY DECIE'S CATS



The cat paradise is at Birchington-on-Sea, where Lady Decies has her world-famous "cattery." By her ladyship's courtesy Mr. Louis Wain, the well-known delineator of feline features, was enabled to make these drawings specially for the "Daily Mirror." The first picture is Champion Fulmer Snowstorm, a winner of many prizes, and possessing the finest blue eyes of any white cat living. In the centre is Fulmer Snowdrop, a beautiful white Persian. The cat on the right is Champion Black Bobbie, winner of five championships.—(See page 13.)

## KILLED ON THE ALPS.



Rev. H. Palin Gurney, the principal of the Armstrong College of Science, who recently lost his life while mountaineering on the Alps.—(MacFadyen.)

## DOGS IN HOLLAND.



Lady Meath has written to the "Times" protesting against the overworking of dogs in Holland, where they are used as beasts of burden. Our photograph shows three dogs drawing a green-grocer's barrow near Delft.

## THE ALPINE DISASTER.



The Gran Paradiso, the scene of the fatal accident on the Alps, by which four Englishmen, Messrs. Clay, Winterbotham, Meryon, and Wright, lost their lives.

## THE ARMY MANOEUVRES IN ESSEX.



Showing the horse picket lines of the Royal Engineers near Colchester.



In the neutral camp at Bentley: Men stacking up the hay supply for the horses taking part in the manoeuvres.



# JUVENILE FASHIONS IN CLOTH FOR COOL SEPTEMBER.

## THE ETCETERAS OF DRESS.

### SHOULDER SCARVES OF BLACK SPANISH LACE.

Women who formerly thought one belt enough for the autumn season are now supplying themselves with from six to a dozen. One of them declares that her autumn outfit is quite made by her numerous belts. Being short of figure she plans them so that they come far down, making a becoming point below the natural waist line. They are constructed in a great variety of ways from a very great variety of materials, and suede, soft, glossy kid, satin, and velvet are among them.

Of course, the beauty of the belt depends a great deal upon its buckle or clasp, and this is one reason why the good girdle is so expensive. There

of an inch, and these make a very pretty frame for a pretty face. Then there is the veil that is flower-trimmed. There is a row of small flowers tacked all round the edge of the veil to form a border, and at the back, there is a bunch or spray, as the case may be, of these same flowers, arranged to fall over the hair.

## THE LARDER IN RUSSIA.

### NO MOIST SUGAR AND NO CHURNS AVAILABLE.

An English woman residing in the interior of Russia thus describes her housekeeping experience: "As moist sugar is unobtainable on the steppes one is obliged to break up a huge 2lb. or 3lb. lump into pieces and crush it with a pestle and mortar. I believe that churns may be procured in big towns, but they would be very expensive, and the English residents in country villages, who do not care for the smoke-flavoured Cossack butter, make their own by shaking cream in a big bottle.

"The Cossack servants are capital laundry-women, though their washing appliances are somewhat primitive; they use large, low, wooden troughs to wash the clothes in, and boil them in open boilers. The system of mangling is rather curious; first, they wrap the things carefully around a wooden roller, like a pastry pin, then press it up

## A HOUSEWIFE'S HINTS.

### CUSHIONS COVERED WITH GOATSKIN.

Pictures show to particular advantage against a background of plain brown or green.

A welcome change from the regulation coloured wicker furniture is found in the chairs and tables in French grey that made their appearance this season. The designs are the same as in past years—it is the colour that is the attraction.

The latest idea in pillow covers consists of two squares of goatskin, laced round the four sides with

women into whose lives marriage cannot enter at all.

There are so many more women than men in England that a great proportion must die unmarried. This being so, let us look a little into the question, and see whether those who are destined to remain unmarried need regard their lot altogether as a doom.

In these days the condition of a spinster has enormously altered from what it used to be. Now, if a woman does not marry, she is no longer an object of pity or of contempt. She has her own recognised place and work in the world. Indeed, her sphere is larger than that of the married woman.

An unmarried woman has a voice in society and in the world. She keeps her youth and her activity longer than the married woman does, is more independent of action, and more able to take up outside useful work. She no longer is shoved aside as a failure, nor made to feel herself a semi-disgrace. Far from wanting to encourage girls in that strange, new, and most unwomanly spirit that is beginning to make itself felt—the spirit that looks on marriage as a bar to the pleasures of independence, and so puts it aside—it may yet be said that no girl need feel that if she is denied marriage her life is blighted, spoiled, or stunted. She can still use to the world, and give it her best; she can be loved by her friends, and be a power of good and benefit among them; she can leave behind her at her death a gap that it will be hard to fill. But all these things she will find in achieving if she lets the lack of marriage in her life make her fretful and discontented and ill-tempered.

## TARGET SHOOTING.

Here is a game for a rainy day, which will teach the children a clever little trick, besides affording them a very pleasant hour.

Make a small paper target and lean it against some books on the table. Now get some needles (large ones are best) and see if you can throw them against the target so that their points will stick in it. Although you may try many times and stand very near the target, you will not succeed, for the needles will refuse to stick in the paper, but will fall on the table.

Now put a short piece of thread, say four or five inches long, in the eye of each needle, and note the result. When this is done you can throw the needles ever so much further and straighter, and they will stick into the target almost every time.

When you have accomplished this much you can have plenty of fun seeing how close to the bull's-eye you can come with your novel darts.

## DOCTOR SAYS:

"She Must Have Pure Food."

Indulgence in improper or poorly cooked foods, without doubt, often aggravates illness which nutritious well-cooked food will, to a great extent, alleviate.

This is entirely reasonable when we consider that every tissue, bone and muscle in the body is made from and must have food, and good food, to ensure health.

Grape-Nuts fully cooked breakfast food meets these requirements to the fullest extent, as is proven by thousands of letters from people who are using it daily.

A woman living in Hollywood, Co. Down, tells what great benefit her sister secured through the use of this scientific food:—

"My sister has been in a bad state of health for the last two years, the result of improper food; the body not being properly nourished, one of her lungs became affected with phthisis. She went to a hospital for consumptives, where she remained, getting neither better nor worse, suffering from indigestion, having to resort to medicine to open her bowels. After three months in the hospital she came home and continued the treatment. At last her digestion became so bad she took to vomiting. That was the worst of all. Medicine not doing her any good, as a last resource, I got her a packet of Grape-Nuts. Almost from the first it began to do her good and she began to take more interest in life. She can now eat any sort of food. She has put on weight, which is a great thing in her case, and does some work besides. The doctor says there is every hope of her recovery, if she eats plenty, which I am glad to say she can do."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 66, Shoe-lane, E.C.

## MAUD BAKER

(From KATE REILEY),

Begs to offer a Special Made Corset to Measure, from One Guinea. The latest from Paris. Hours 10 to 5.

125, MARYLEBONE ROAD, N.W.

# Force

Always the best start for the day, but never more so than in hot weather.



The dress shown above has a double tunic edged with velvet, which trimming is repeated on the corsage to form the buttoned bands. Interchangeable fronts can be worn with it.

are buckles that are beautiful enough for the handsomest jewel case, and the woman who owns these exquisite affairs is as careful of them as of her diamonds.

It is not only with the autumn open-air gown that the handsome belt is worn, but with the house and evening dress as well. Indeed, many of the most successful dinner gowns quite depend for their beauty upon the little items of dress—the belt, the sash, and the other waist furnishings—while not secondary to these are the neck trimmings, which are numerous and most varied.

### The Fluttering Scarf.

This is certainly the day of fluttering and flying decorations for the shoulders, though some women seem to find the greatest difficulty with the arrangement of the long muslin gauze or chiffon scarves, which are worn about the neck or shoulders. Yet it is worth while studying the art of wearing them; so beautiful are they. Satins and crêpes de Chine are used for the background of many, and one beautiful affair is made of soft pink silk, embroidered with gold or blue in the form of forget-me-nots. All round the scarf there is a lace border and knots of blue ribbon appear at intervals.

It is astonishing what one can do in dress in these days with the aid of a veil, though the extravagant lengths to which veils have been carried has abated. There are veils of every colour. The shaded veil in blue or blue is used so much to veil the face as to trim the hat. Some shaded veils in red, rose, and rose-pink are bordered with tiny roses that are sewn on at intervals of a quarter



A rose-red gown, decorated with deeper red velvet and black silk braid, is here illustrated.

and down a board scored with nicks, loosely laid on the table. Consequently, this makes a clatter more deafening, if less irritating, than the tuneless squeak of the British mangle.

"Although the summers are intensely hot in Cossack land, yet the mistress of the household has less trouble to keep milk and other foods sweet there than in England, for every house above the rank of cottage has its icheuse, which is refilled during the latter part of the winter with huge blocks of ice brought, perhaps, many miles across the frozen steppes from some distant lake or river, in the bullock carts."



White cloth makes the loveliest of autumn frocks for a girl, and the above model is a specially charming one in that fabric.

silk cord, and decorated at each corner with a cluster of loop ends.

Horsehair is used for upholstering mahogany furniture, but it is a new variety of horsehair in soft colourings, embellished with a small geometrical design.

Majolica ware is being revived and is sold in deep brown and green tones, with decorations in relief. To make a room appear larger than it really is use wall-paper without any pattern.

A hot-water jug, warranted to keep water hot for at least two hours, is manufactured in several sizes. The secret of the heat-retaining property of the jug is to be found in an inner casing, separate from the actual jug, the space between the two being filled with a felt or flannel jacket, on the principle of the Chinese teapot, or a well-known case used by sportsmen for luncheon.

A convenience appreciated by folk whose time is spent in lodgings not equipped with the latest ideas in cooking apparatus is the folding chafin dish. The legs and all the etceteras can be packed inside the chafin dish, which takes up little room in a trunk.

## HAPPY INDEPENDENCE.

### WOMEN WHO ARE SATISFIED WITH SPINSTERHOOD.

To girls the thought of being an old maid often carries a certain horror, which is, after all, very misplaced. It is quite true that a happy marriage is, for all women, the highest completion and crowning of life, and it is natural and right for girls to hope for it in their own lot; moreover, it is very much to be desired for them by people who are fond of them, and have their interests at heart.

But though a happy marriage is a most excellent and desirable fate, all marriages are not of necessity happy. Many a wife looks back with envy upon her girlhood, and would gladly return to its free and happy days. And in this country, at least, there must always be a great number of



## "MARGUERITE."

## Miss Lena Ashwell's First Appearance as Actress-Manageress.

Last night, at the Coronet Theatre, Miss Lena Ashwell appeared for the first time as an actress-manageress with "Marguerite," an English adaptation, by Mr. Michael Morton, of "La Montansier," by MM. G. A. de Caillavet, Robert de Fiers, and Jeoffrin.

"Marguerite" is a showy costume play, and its period may be indicated by the fact that the French Revolution plays the part of an incidental background to it.

## Love in a Shop.

The Revolution, however, has not come about in the first act, when the dandies of the Parisian noblesse are at liberty to lay their hearts at the feet of Marguerite, the lovely niece of the keeper of an old curiosity shop, and herself an actress.

Besides the noblesse there is one other who adores Marguerite in the person of Neuville, an actor and a man of all the virtues and heroisms. In the second act of the play Marguerite is managing a theatre of her own, and Neuville, her

leading man, is being driven distracted by his love for her and her caprices.

The French Revolution is now in full swing, and the aristocrats of the earlier act have all been guillotined, with the exception of Philippe, Marquis de Pommeuse, who comes through peril to see Marguerite in her theatre in Paris. She, by substituting him for a just expected new actor, contrives to save him from the pursuit that is very hot at the heels of belated Royalists.

The next act brings us into a camp in a ruined castle that Marguerite's actors—now turned soldiers of the Republic—are holding against the Austrians. Philippe deserts from the Republican army to join his aristocratic friends who are fighting on the Austrian side, and, at the rather thrilling end of the act, Neuville rescues him, and brings him, stunned but not seriously injured, and deposits him at Marguerite's feet.

That deed accomplished, Neuville thinks that all is over betwixt him and Marguerite, but a genial, elderly actor, St. Phat, brings them together by the little artifice of obliging them to rehearse a quarrelling scene, which turns in their hands into a genuine reconciliation.

The hours of the occasion went, naturally, to Miss Lena Ashwell, who played with very great power in the stirring finale of the third act, and with gentle tenderness in the little idyll with which the play concludes.

We have only space to mention, amongst a generally satisfactory cast, the excellent Neuville of Mr. Frank Mills, the pleasantly imagined St. Phat of Mr. Charles Groves, and the attractively vivacious Mlle. Seneca of Miss Sydney Fairbrother.

## GRAND DUKE'S MAGNUMS.

## One Man Who Was Hurt by the Tsarevitch's Birth.

The birth of a son to the Tsar was a severe blow to at least one man, the Grand Duke Michael, who, until the Thursday, had been her-presumptive to the throne, writes our St. Petersburg correspondent.

I learn, on the authority of a gentleman of the Court who was present when the news was broken to the Grand Duke, that he turned pale and appeared about to fall, but with a great effort controlled himself and dropped on his knees in prayer.

Later in the day the Grand Duke, unaided, consumed two magnums of champagne, drinking to the health and long life of the newly-arrived Prince.

## GIANT DRUM-MAJOR.

During the six months' English tour, which will open at the Albert Hall on September 24, the famous Scottish-Canadian band known as "The Kilties" will give 362 concerts, thirty of which will be in London.

The special features of these concerts—the male choruses, the solos, the Highland dances, the bagpipes, and the bagles—combine to make them uniquely interesting.

Donald MacCormack, the drum-major, is seven feet high.

## BETTER THAN BEEF.

## An Attempt To Popularize Eland Steak in England.

An attempt is to be made to breed the eland for the English dinner table.

One or two wealthy landowners, including the Duke of Westminster, are already experimenting to see how elands endure existence in British parks.

The flesh of the eland is delicious, especially that of the old bulls, whose hearts become encased in a mass of fat. The animal comes from South Africa and is as large as an ox.

Of course, it would take many years to put eland steaks within reach of the poor man's pocket.

At present they are a rare dish, even at the table of millionaires. A dinner including a cut of eland at a West End restaurant will cost at least £3 3s. a head for the food alone.

## MOVING CHIEFS.

One of the madmen whose madness has arisen through the introduction of taximeters in the Paris cabs was taken in charge yesterday, writes our Paris correspondent.

He imagined himself to be a State official charged with fixing taximeters on everything moving.

He therefore entered a cheese shop, and planted little flags in Roqueforts and Camemberts until the proprietor threw a Swiss cheese in his eye.

## LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER XXVI. The Downfall.

The news fell on the Stock Exchange like a thunderbolt. Some had believed Gramphorn to be guilty; others had staked their faith on his innocence. But no one had expected an open confession. They had all looked for a denial and a subsequent enquiry, and then the truth either one way or the other.

The shock was staggering in its intensity. As the news was passed round the Mashangweland market a hush fell over the whole house. Men stared at each other in silence, as though trying to realise the situation. For a moment they forgot their business, forgot their own interests in the matter, forgot even that a storm had burst above their heads which would sweep some of them into a pitiless sea of ruin. They only remembered that the great John Gramphorn, the idol of England, the prince of financiers, the man to whom all eyes had been turned as to a great patriot and leader of men, had, himself, confessed to a fraud which would scarcely have been ascribed to the meanest little company-monger in the City.

But the pause was only momentary. In a flash, in a second of time, Gramphorn was forgotten. The crisis rose up overwhelming and gigantic. Every man's mind was turned to his own position. A single question broke the silence. Two or three others chimed in, and then there was an uproar and clamour of voices, and the eyes of the whole House were turned to the Mashangweland market. The panic had begun.

The noise was deafening. The scene resembled Epsom platform on a Derby Day. Stockbrokers' clerks pushed and jostled and fought to get to the jobbers. The latter, white-faced and perspiring, struggled to keep themselves from being lifted clean off the floor. Prices were asked, and the answers came back like pistol-shots. Each quotation was lower than the last. Everyone was selling. A few small orders to buy came in, but they were mere straws in the stream. Prices sagged lower and lower, and in less than half an hour Mashangweland Investment Trusts stood at 3 to 3½. In the morning's papers they had been quoted at 6½ to 6½.

Then two smartly-dressed youths, with hair carefully parted in the middle and orchids in their buttonholes, entered the House and flung themselves into the mêlée. They were not in any way remarkable, save for the keen and eager look on their boyish faces. But all eyes were turned on them. They were two of Loden's authorised clerks, and as they fought their way good-naturedly to two of the biggest jobbers in the market, a sudden silence began to fall on the shouting, jostling crowd. Everyone craned forward to hear what words would come from the lips of those two smooth-faced boys. It was a crucial moment. There was one question in everyone's eyes.

"Is Gramphorn going to buy, or is he going to sell?"

One of the youths struggled to the side of a gigantic jobber, and asked for a price in Mashangweland Investment Trusts. The jobber looked down from his lift, 2in. of massive and comfortable flesh and scrutinised the boy's face with a quick

glance. The face suddenly became vacuous and uninteresting. It was a game of poker, a game of bluff. Did the boy want to buy or sell? For the moment he represented Gramphorn.

"3½ to 3½," said the jobber. The boy merely handed him a slip of paper, and the listeners were disappointed. The jobber nodded and smiled. The next man who asked the price of Mashangweland Investment Trusts found that they were 4 to 4½. Gramphorn had thrown the weight of his enormous fortune into the scale, and was buying heavily. The fact in itself was significant, and for a few moments there was a rush to buy the shares at low prices, and the quotations went up and up, till they stood at 5. Then they began to fall away again, and all through the afternoon till the House was closed, and in the Street afterwards till it was dark, the battle raged with varying fortune. Prices jumped up and down, and brokers tore their hair in despair. Many of them shut up their books. Mashangweland Investment Trust closed at 4½ to 4½.

For three days and three nights John Gramphorn never left his office. In the silence of his darkened room he fought every inch of the ground with his adversaries. His meals were brought to him, and each night he snatched a few hours' sleep in one of the easy chairs. But he was always there on the spot, in the heart and centre of the machinery that moved at his bidding.

At the end of the three days Gramphorn was a poor man, but he had saved the City from a gigantic panic, which would have affected every market on the Stock Exchange. He had poured out all his vast wealth, and he had saved the City, foreign stocks, shares in other companies, country estates, London houses, were all flung into the arena, and eagerly devoured by those who were selling like maniacs. The disaster had brought out all the finest traits in his character. He could have left his shares to take care of themselves, and have retired with an enormous fortune. But he sacrificed himself to save 30,000 souls from ruin. While all were selling he bought, bought, bought. At the end of the three days his assets consisted of the house in Park-lane, mortgaged for £100,000, the Pantheon Theatre, mortgaged for £40,000, £10,000 in Consols, and nearly a million shares of the various Mashangweland companies.

He had been over. The fearful panic of a sudden fall had been averted. He had saved the City, but he had lost almost without hope of recovery, nearly five millions of money. For he could no longer support the market, and he knew that the prices would fall away to almost zero. But they would fall away gradually, for the panic was a thing of the past.

He left his office, and, returning home, slept for nearly twenty-four hours. He was worn out in body and in mind. But he rose from his bed as energetic and masterful as ever. It was significant that his first thoughts were for Juliet Aumerle. He sent for a friend of his, a well-known theatrical speculator.

"Salisbury," he said, coming to the point as soon as the man entered the room, "what do you think the Pantheon Theatre is worth?"

"About £65,000," was the reply.

"Well, it is mortgaged for £40,000. Do you care to buy it?"

"My hands are pretty full at present," Salisbury replied, cautiously. "What's the lowest you'd take?"

"I will sell it for £60,000," said Gramphorn, lighting a cigar; "but you must give me a written guarantee that you will let Miss Aumerle remain as the nominal lessee for seven years, and that you will pay her £40,000 a week."

"Impossible," said Salisbury, bluntly, "it was a failure in the last piece. The theatre would be run at a loss."

"Well, what will you offer?" asked Gramphorn.

"I shall not consider any offer unless Miss Aumerle stays at the theatre," Salisbury frowned, and seemed lost in thought.

"I will take it," Gramphorn replied, Salisbury's eyes sparkled, but he looked suspiciously at Gramphorn, as though trying to ascertain the motives lay behind the acceptance of this ridiculous offer.

"Is this a firm acceptance?" he said, after a pause.

"Absolutely firm," said Gramphorn. "I will have the papers prepared to-night. I only make one other condition. You must say nothing to anyone about the contract with Miss Aumerle."

"Certainly not, my dear chap," Salisbury said, rising to his feet. "Certainly not; good-bye." The two men shook hands, and Salisbury left, wondering in his own mind how a man, who had been ground down so small in the mills of financial adversity, could apparently sacrifice £20,000 for the sake of an actress, however beautiful and however charming.

Half an hour after Salisbury's departure Gramphorn took a cab and drove to Edwardes-square. He found Juliet dressed in black. Her face was very white, and there were dark rings under her eyes. It was their first meeting since Stanton's death. She rose as he entered the room, but she did not catch his hand, and he did not touch hers.

"Miss Aumerle," he said humbly, "I have come to ask your forgiveness. I know well what you must think of me."

"I only know," she replied slowly, "what you have done. Heaven forbid that I should judge you, Mr. Gramphorn."

"I am not ashamed of what I have done," said Gramphorn, "I acted from the best of motives. I have not come to excuse myself. I only came to say how grieved I am that I should have drawn you and—him into my schemes, that I should have caused you suffering." He stopped, and she was silent.

"My God, Juliet," he cried, passionately, "do you not believe me? You know I love you. You know I would not willingly hurt a hair of your head, or injure anyone you love. You know this."

He stepped forward a pace, and searched her white face for some sign of pity. Juliet could not answer. She knew well enough that Gramphorn loved her, and she knew, too, that his love had been the cause of her ruin. She had fallen from her head, George Stanton had committed suicide in a fit of jealous rage, and his last thoughts had been of vengeance on the man who stood before her.

"I, too, have suffered," continued Gramphorn in a pleading voice. "I am a ruined and discredited man. All that I have worked for has been swept away—money, honour, the glory of England, the expansion of her territories. It has all gone. Surely, George Stanton has been revenged."

"His death is not the worst," she answered, "it is his dishonour."

"You wrong him," said Gramphorn magnanimously. "The dishonour is mine. He was poor and wanted money to marry you. I tempted him, and he fell. He did this for you, Juliet. I alone am to blame. I have been punished. I have come to ask your forgiveness."

Juliet turned to him and held out her hand in silence. He grasped it in his strong fingers, held it for a moment, and then turned away from her.

"I forgive you," she said in a trembling voice, "but I cannot forget. I know the story of the last few days. I know you have sacrificed your entire fortune to save the City from a panic. You are a great man, Mr. Gramphorn, greater even in your misfortune than in prosperity. But—I cannot forget."

"You know," said Gramphorn abruptly, "that Stanton left you all his money. Of course, you have had nothing. But he had a lot of money on him when he died. If he should recover—"

"Don't talk of money to me," she cried, "I know where he got it."

"This last piece of yours at the Pantheon Theatre," he said, after a pause, "it has been a failure?"

"Yes," said Juliet quietly, "it was produced the day after—after he died. I could not do myself justice. I am very sorry—for your sake."

"I cannot afford to run the theatre at a loss,"

Gramphorn continued. "I am a poor man. I have sold the theatre."

"Of course," Juliet replied. "I am very grateful to you for what you have done already. Few men would do so much for a girl who can give nothing in return. I shall be all right. I can get another engagement," Gramphorn laughed.

"There will be no need for you to do that," he said. "I have arranged for you to stay on at the Pantheon Theatre as nominal lessee at £40 a week. I made it one of the conditions of the sale." Juliet turned to him with tears of gratitude in her eyes.

"You did this for me," she cried, "you had time to think of me when all your strength and ability were required to save yourself from ruin! What did it cost you? Tell me at once what it cost you to make this arrangement."

"It cost me nothing," Gramphorn replied; "the man who has bought it was only too glad to secure your services." Juliet looked at the stern face of the man who loved her. It was impassive as the face of a marble statue. But her heart cried out to her that he had lied. She advanced, and held out both her hands. He took them in his strong fingers and bent his head over them in silence.

"Mr. Gramphorn," she murmured, "the last piece was a failure. No man would be glad to secure my services. This arrangement has been made at your expense."

"You are mistaken," he said coldly; "it has cost me nothing. I can afford nothing," she cried, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I will repay you some day."

He still held her hands, and his whole frame trembled with emotion. He longed to clasp her in his arms, but he knew it was impossible after what had happened.

"Good-bye," he said hoarsely, and, dropping her hands, he turned on his heel and left the room without another word.

He returned to his office and worked until six o'clock. Then he drove to his house in Park-lane, and going straight up to his study cast his eyes over the pile of evening papers that lay on his writing-table. The lines on his face deepened, as he read column after column of abuse.

Since Gramphorn's confession in the board room of the Mashangweland Investment Trust, he had learned how quickly the public can turn against a fallen idol. The whole Press of England had turned against him, and he was not able to buy their silence. There was a grim humour in the whole thing. Gramphorn knew well enough where the shoe pinched; they were annoyed that there was no gold in Mashangweland.

That very night after dinner a large mob of roving, organised "mob" men had lost his entire fortune in the slump, gathered outside his house in Park-lane, howling and yelling with hoarse and strident voices. A stone was thrown at one of the windows, and this was followed by a volley of well-directed missiles. Gramphorn sat in his chair, and his face grew very white, as he heard the glass go tinkling to the floor. The noisy demonstration outside was an emblem of the attitude of all England. This was the reward of patriotism! He leant over his desk and bowed his head in his hands.

Suddenly an inspector and a constable were ushered into the room. Gramphorn looked up at them and smiled grimly. At any rate, the protection of the law. The inspector advanced to his side.

"I have a warrant for your arrest, Mr. Gramphorn," he said, quietly, "on the charge of conspiracy to defraud."

Gramphorn rose to his feet with clenched hands, and a wave of passion shook his whole body. Then he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I will come at once," he replied.

Outside there was a terrific chorus of yells, and a stone flew through the broken window and struck him on the face.

(To be continued.)



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## IN HASTE TO MARRY.

## Romance of Barnet Fair Spoiled by a Registrar.

"Say, gov'nor, which is the way to the registrar?"

The question was addressed to a *Mirror* representative at Barnet Fair yesterday by a stalwart young man who was accompanied by an attractive lady in a white dress and black picture hat.

Interested and curious, the *Mirror* man volunteered to show them the way, and en route learned that the couple had, five minutes before, decided to get married there and then.

"We've been keeping company a long while," the lady explained.

"And Barnet Fair day's an easy day to be remembered," added her intended. "We can say, 'Let's see, we've been married so many years cum next Barnet Fair.' See?"

But the registrar had to be reckoned with.

Upon reaching his office that official explained that he could not tie the knot because the parties were not residents in the district, and also because due notice had not been given.

The engaged couple were bitterly disappointed. The lady was the first to recover her self-possession, and she said, philosophically, "Never mind, Bill, we'll be married properly at church."

Business and pleasure were agreeably combined at the famous fair, but the show of horses and cattle was not so large as in previous years.

Of the "games of chance" the three-card trick found most devotees, and five of the exponents fell into the hands of the police. The smallest amount found on one was fifty shillings, while another had nearly £7 in his possession.

## PARADISE FOR CATS.

## Where High Bred Pets Live in Luxury.

At Beresford Lodge, Birchington-on-Sea, Lady Decies has established a veritable paradise for cats.

Lovers of the feline race are sometimes admitted to see the aristocratic residents of the charming garden, where they disport themselves from day to day.

One coal-black giant, with a bushy tail, of which even a fox would be proud, is Fulmer Bobbie, three times a champion, and, though fierce in appearance, is in reality as gentle as a kitten.

Snowstorm is the name of another soft and dainty cat, coiled up in a corner like a ball of snow. She bears the distinction of having the finest blue eyes of any white cat living.

Of slow and stately mien is Aida, the Sultana of Catland. Silver grey, without a blemish, and a long, silky, sweeping tail, she seems impressed with the memory of hundreds of prizes which she has won in past shows.

Not by the fireside are these dainty residents of a cats' paradise fed and protected. In a shady corner of the walled-in garden they sleep in straw-filled boxes fixed in specially-constructed wooden houses, while outside runs with ladders and balls provide them with diversion during the day.

Meat and fish, with an occasional sparrow, and pure water are served in white enamel pans for the older pussies, while milk only is provided for kittens and invalids.

Mr. Louis Wain has drawn pictures of four of the most beautiful of Lady Decies's pets and prize-winners for the *Daily Mirror*. They will be found on pages 1 and 9.

## EMBANKMENT DANGERS.

## Two Important Highways Into the City "Up."

The road-mender is always with us, but at present he is rather more conspicuously so than usual. The Embankment and the Strand are both "up" now, in addition to many other thoroughfares.

City men, accustomed to drive along by the river to their offices each morning, find it not only a perilous but extremely tedious journey just now. The road is clear from Westminster to Temple-avenue, but the surface is such as to make it a menace to life and limb to drive at anything over four or five miles an hour.

Deep hollows and pits abound throughout the entire length, and a motor-car can only proceed at anything above a crawling pace by a series of disturbing leaps and bounds, excellent no doubt for the liver, but entirely discomforting to the equilibrium.

Bicyclists who have hitherto used the Embankment when going east have sought other highways of late, for to travel along it means the dislocation of saddle springs and the general loosening of nuts.

At Temple-avenue it is necessary to find a tortuous way, via Tallis-street—always more or less congested by heavy paper vans and newspaper carts—and the end of Tallis-street and New Bridge-street. It is nothing for a row of hansoms to wait ten or fifteen minutes each morning at the junction of Tudor-street and New Bridge-street, the while their occupants revile macadam roadways and the municipal authorities.

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match of 1,000 yards for the Ulph Challenge Cup, was decided in the presence of a great crowd of spectators. D. Billington, of Bacup, last year's winner, started with six others, and, using the powerful trudgeon stroke, led from the outset. At the half-distance he was a hundred yards ahead, and, never really troubled, he won with the utmost ease by 150 yards, in 12min. 32sec. Faircloth was second, Booth third, and Garsby fourth.



